The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago November 18, 1922

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

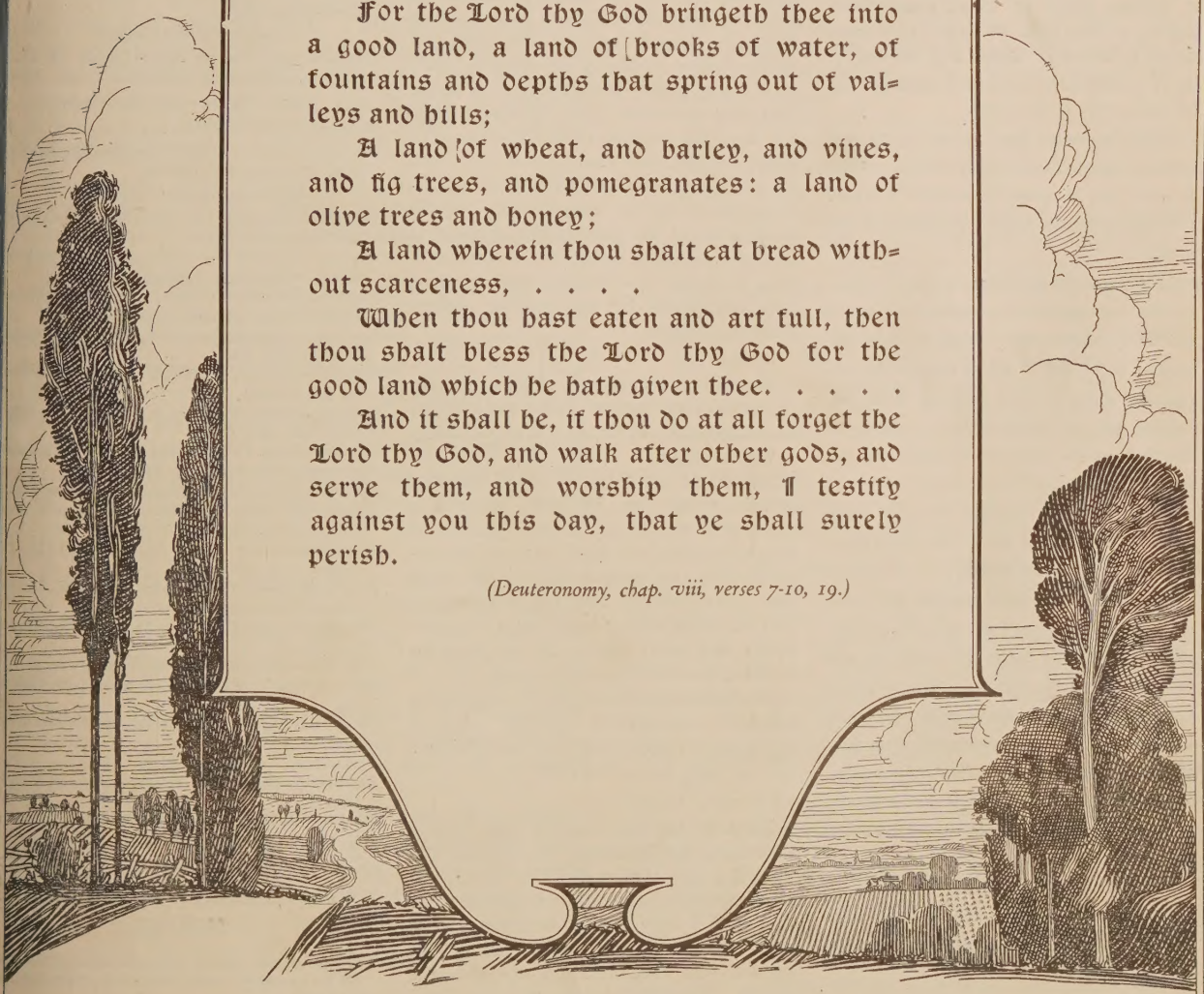
A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates: a land of olive trees and honey;

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, ...

When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. . . . .

And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day, that ye shall surely perish.

(Deuteronomy, chap. viii, verses 7-10, 19.)



Thanksgiving Number

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

The nations are so sick of war that to avoid it they are willing to do almost anything except be reasonable. (*San Jose News.*)

υ λ

Habit so accustoms us even to the most inconsistent things in the highest places that the sudden spectacle of a Premier and his family having to bundle themselves out of 10 Downing Street at a few days' notice only seems odd when you see how it strikes an American. Mr. Lloyd George and his household, who departed from Downing Street yesterday, *tout court* and homeless in London but for the happy event of Sir Edward Grigg being able to offer them his house, had no worse fortune than Mr. Asquith and his household had when they so suddenly departed in 1916, and many Prime Ministers before them. But it does seem a little different to-day, for even the poorest citizen has the protection of the Rent Restrictions Act. It is a curious and fascinating thought that the only person in the country who can be turned out of his house within a week is the most esteemed person in the country—that is to say, the chosen chief of those who are elected by the country. (*Manchester Guardian.*)

υ λ

Instead of a university asking: Is this the kind of student we want? the student should inquire: Is this the sort of university I want? Shall I, while I am a student here, be instructed by a body of men and women whom fear of state, church, or trustees has tied into knots? Shall I be taught by men who have no time for contemplation, no contact with what other men have thought and are thinking, no zest for truth regardless of what the textbooks say, and, above all, no love for teaching me and my fellow-students? If so, let me get a profitable job as a plumber's assistant and acquire "culture" when I retire on a modest fortune at thirty-seven. (*The Drifter, in the Nation.*)

υ λ

Having no Reformatory for young offenders, the Bermuda government has passed a law that makes the parents of children under twelve liable to punishment. In the first case under the law a boy of nine, convicted of theft, went free, but his mother was fined and sent to jail for a month. (*Youth's Companion.*)

υ λ

One of our pastors has figured out that whereas there are but fifty-two Sundays in the year there are sixty-eight "special days" to be celebrated on Sunday. (*The Baptist.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, esus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

OUR COMRADES OF SPANGLER

FIFTY miners lose lives in coal mine;"* "probably a ew more perished in unexplored chambers;" "bodies scattered through the workings for nore than five hundred feet;" "thirty blanched surivors, mostly young men, lying on a double row of ots in Miners' Hospital"—in such sentences the ssociated Press again tells the world of another ine catastrophe, that at Spangler, Penn., on the day efore election, 1922.

As in war time, many will refuse to read the orrors. The *Christian Science Monitor* on principle vill not carry it as news, and readers of other papers vill soon forget.

But some there are who will not forget. All who elt that frightful blast and survived, will not forget. ome few score women and little children personally nterested in those silent figures lifted out of the sooty haft, will not forget. A few social service workers nd humanitarians toiling for safety appliances, better nspection and keener interest by the whole body olitic in these grimy servants of the state, will not orget. Leaders in the battles of labor for steady work nd just pay will not forget. And God and a pitying Christ will not forget.

For consider that grim fight for life. They were ough, untutored men. Some probably no longer vent to church or usually called on God. Perhaps ome were Polacks or Huns or Croats or Slovenes or of ther "lesser breeds without the law." And yet down here in that awful darkness those who had the slightest hance put up a fight for life in which coolness, daring, elf-sacrifice, team work, were revealed in noblest orm.

Mike Whalen, a cager, working with his coupler, lad, near the bottom of the shaft, seized the boy, ut him on his shoulders and climbed hand over hand p a water pipe. Halfway up somebody started the age from the bottom and Mike Whalen, calculating olly, leaped for the top of the ascending cage and aved himself and the boy.

Abe Craig, only twenty-two, took charge in umber ten heading and twenty-five men followed is orders.

"Outside there were yells and our gang shouted to tell them there was fresh air in our place," said Craig, lying on his hospital bed that night. "I opened the door and three or four men staggered in. The boys rushed out and dragged in others. We revived them. Then I looked out again. All I could see was bodies. The after-damp was rolling through the heading. I jumped inside and closed the door. There was nothing to do but wait for rescuers.

"From 7.30 until about 2 o'clock we stayed in the chamber. Older men were getting faint. Young fellows were holding out pretty well. Nobody had very much to say. Some of the boys were praying.

"Finally the after-damp worked its way around and under the door. There was only one thing to do. I told them we would have to make a run for it. We opened the door and ran down the heading. It was a tough dash, stumbling over bodies. We began to choke. Some of the boys fell, but those of us who had any fight left kept on. That last 100 yards was something awful. Coughing and strangling, we kept on and finally I ran slap-bang into the air. I was dizzy, but I screamed to the boys. Most of them who got to the sixth heading keeled over.

"Then I heard men coming and I knew they were rescuers. They got us out. Only the young men made it. I am afraid all the older men lost their lives."

"The sad part of it," said one miner, "is that twenty men were at least within one hundred feet of air when they were overcome."

As in other mine disasters, rescuers found inscriptions burned on timbers or smooth walls by experienced miners, making every effort to help the rescuers. "Look behind this wall," it said in one place, and "There are 29 men behind this," in another.

And, as on so many other battle fields of industry, there were revealed here at Spangler in humble men some of the qualities which link them with the noblest of the race.

To be sure the wolf, the tiger, the vulture qualities exhibited in the savagery of Herrin were there too, as, in embryo at least, they are in all our hearts.

Nor is it certain at all that these dead men of Spangler or their living comrades always have been wise or reasonable or fair in their relations with those who own the mines and buy their brain and brawn. In war, not all is fair on either side. But what is sure is that they are real men. Behind the soot and grime, the rough ways, or even the foreign speech, there is

*Seventy-eight in all lost their lives.

something universal in them which makes them our comrades.

More than low pay they hate our contempt. More than different hours they want our approval and good-will. Nor should we who sit on winter nights in warm rooms flooded with light, find it hard to think of them as brothers who wield the pick and shovel to give us coal.

And where they do not have justice we must find the way to give it to them. They are free men—not serfs. They are partners, not chattels. And a great republic, "the hope of the world," must find power enough to get the facts in the coal industry and establish efficiency in it.

In our present stage of civilization catastrophes like that at Spangler may be unavoidable. But just as we honor the dear boys who died for us in France, and decorate their living comrades, we can honor these dead soldiers of industry and decorate their living comrades with our gratitude and respect.

When we do that, it will be a real Thanksgiving Day for us as well as for them.

* *

THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States

In the beginning of our country the custom was established by the devout fathers of observing annually a day of Thanksgiving for the bounties and protection which Divine Providence had extended throughout the year. It has come to be perhaps the most characteristic of our national observances, and as the season approaches for its annual recurrence, it is fitting formally to direct attention to this ancient institution of our people and to call upon them again to unite in its appropriate celebration.

The year which now approaches its end has been marked, in the experience of our nation, by a complexity of trials and triumphs, of difficulties and of achievements, which we must regard as our inevitable portion in such an epoch as that through which all mankind is moving. As we survey the experience of the passing twelve-month we shall find that our estate presents very much to justify a nation-wide and most sincere testimony of gratitude for the bounty which has been bestowed upon us. Though we have lived in the shadow of the hard consequences of great conflict, our country has been at peace and has been able to contribute toward the maintenance and perpetuation of peace in the world. We have seen the race of mankind make gratifying progress on the way to permanent peace, toward order and restored confidence in its high destiny.

For the Divine guidance which has enabled us in growing fraternity with other peoples, to attain so much of progress, for the bounteous yield which has come to us from the resources of our soil and our industry, we owe our tribute of gratitude, and with it our acknowledgment of the duty and obligation to our own people and to the unfortunate, the suffering, the distracted, of other lands. Let us in all humility acknowledge how great is our debt to the Providence which has generously dealt with us, and give devout assurance of unselfish purpose to play a helpful and ennobling part in human advancement. It is much to be desired that in rendering homage for the blessings which have come to us we should earnestly testify our continued and increasing aim to make our own great fortune a means of helping and serving, as best we can, the cause of all humanity. Now, therefore, I, Warren G. Harding, President of the United States of America, do designate Thursday, the 30th day of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, supplication and devotion. I recommend that the people gather at their family altars and in their houses of worship to render thanks to God for the bounties they have enjoyed and to petition that these may be continued in the year before us.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this second day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-seventh.

Warren G. Harding.

THERE are four great thoughts in the proclamation of the President. They have been expressed in nearly every Thanksgiving Day proclamation in the past:

There is a Divine Providence.

It has dealt generously with us.

We should be thankful.

We should show our gratitude by making "our great fortune a means of helping and serving, as best we can, the cause of all humanity."

If we catch the meaning of the Thanksgiving season, we will count our blessings, we will let something of joy and contentment mingle with our gratitude, we will look forward hopefully toward greater achievements, we will try to share what we enjoy with others, and we will think with deep and filial love of Him "who is the giver of every good and every perfect gift."

* *

ON BEING THANKFUL THAT WE ARE ALIVE

IN Horace Howard Furness' Letters, there is one letter that has peculiar interest for us at this Thanksgiving season. It was written to Dr. Ames of Boston, when both of them were old men and in some danger of despondency. He proposes to tell him of a recent incident in his own experience, but before doing so he premises that "it is undeniable, to be in the depths of poverty is terrible; to be black is also a deep misfortune, and to be blind is perhaps worst of all. And in being poor, black, and blind is to be in the lowest depth of human misery." Then he tells this incident. One day when he was in one of the most crowded parts of the city, a black, blind beggar asked his aid in crossing the street. He took him across in safety and placed some money in his tin cup and said, "This is a hard world, brother," and the old beggar replied, "I thank God, suh, I'se alive." The words deeply impressed Dr. Furness and the tears came to his eyes. He himself knew what it was to lose almost completely the power of hearing, but he was ever cheerful and grateful to be alive. To be thankful just to be alive, though deprived of one or more senses, is something many persons feel. Helen Keller was athrill with life and her face was radiant, and she was ever grateful. How great it is to live, to feel the life force pulsate through every vein, to feel the fire of the universe issuing in the jets of flame we each are, to feel the vibration of the world turn

music in the chords of our hearts, to have the strange sense of our individuality, making us unique in all the multitudinous millions of humanity, and giving us our place in the whole! It is good to live, and something for which to be grateful.

And to know that we live, and to be conscious of these experiences and to feel that we should be thankful, is another reason why we should be grateful. How good it is that we are able to have the precious and profound and searching experiences of life, to have the world come into our lives through all the avenues of sense, to stand at the door and open it to all that's real, sweet, fragrant, melodious and beautiful, to peer into the rush of electrons, watch the dance of the molecules, study the mystic movements of living cells, take the wings of the morning and fly into the central depths and supernal heights, to return into one's soul, plumb its abysmal depths, move in its mighty inner orbits of thought, catch by the conscience the light that never was on land or sea, hear the call of the Greater Depths and respond thereto with the whole soul! How wonderful is such a life, and how profoundly grateful we should be for it.

Moreover, how good it is to love and be loved, to trust and be trusted! Some one or more human beings, lover, wife, husband, father, mother, child, brother, sister, friend, becomes the center of our affection, the magnet of our heart which we feel however near or far we may be, the only real worth-while and enduring treasure of life, the sun about which we revolve, and from which we receive the warmth and sunshine of our lives. Of St. Paul it is said that when he saw certain friends, he thanked God. So the life of love and friendship makes us profoundly and unceasingly thankful.

And the life that can be of service to others is another reason for gratitude. It was a small service Dr. Furness rendered the black, blind beggar, but it was a real service. Just a little thing, but so beautifully done; just an incident of a day, but it was remembered on earth and in heaven. To strengthen the weak, to guide the blind and erring, to help another bear his burden, to smooth the rough way for weary feet, to share the kindling thought, the supporting faith, the glorious hope, how good is such a life, and how thankful we should be that we can thus help one another.

D. E.

* *

THE THINGS WE HAVE MISSED

"THOUGH we pray for it mightily," Theodore Parker used to say in his prayers, "withhold from us what in Thy Infinite Wisdom Thou dost see is evil."

The greatest prophets of religion have emphasized the same thought. The experience of the years has attested its truth. We have not known always what was best for us. We have not prayed with wisdom and unselfishness. The things which Divine Goodness has withheld have been withheld in great mercy.

"We lose out," as we say, "on many things." Great wealth, high honor, much power, do not come to us. To many some of the sweetest, tenderest blessings of life, for one reason or another, are denied. That life has something infinitely better which is so big and broad that it can thank God not only for the things it has, but also for the things it has missed.

Only one, however, who has struggled mightily to achieve, can utter such a prayer.

* *

DO WE DISCRIMINATE AGAINST SOCIALISTS?

LIVE, aggressive, consecrated young ministers of our Church, successful in their parishes, ambitious for greater things, say, confidentially, that in calling pastors our church boards discriminate against socialists. Not only that, but every man who has an open mind, who wants simple justice established on earth, is classified as a socialist. Even if he thinks that the government had better run the railroads or operate the coal mines he is said to be "tinctured with socialism," or "dangerous radicalism."

We doubt the truth of this complaint. In most cases the economic views of a man and his political affiliations are considered less than his ability to do the work.

The trouble with the real out and out socialist is that he has little use for the Church. To him it is "a part of the great capitalistic machine." The ministers are "time-servers." The boards are "plutocratic." If a man holds such views, if he has no faith in the institution he wants to serve, if he distrusts the motives of the vast majority of people in that institution, it is not very wise to ask him to become a leader in it.

Nor can church boards be blamed for considering the quality of brain a candidate possesses as well as the purity of his heart.

While there are intellectual socialists, men who can give real reasons for the faith that is in them, large numbers are only half-baked intellectually, have curiously eccentric brains, and are unable or unwilling to consider the question fairly as to whether the evils in our present system are remediable.

The great Christian doctrine of stewardship, of regarding all that we have as held in trust for the common good, of holding where holding will best serve, of giving where giving will best serve, of having in all things "the mind of Christ," has in it possibilities which we have hardly begun to try out.

The vast majority of our consecrated ministers hold to the doctrine of private property. They believe in Christian stewardship rather than in socialism. They know that property is the most insidious of all temptations. They know with what difficulty a rich man can enter into the kingdom of heaven. But they are not in favor of running away from any moral battle or of evading any character test.

But this does not mean that they do not want men who disagree with them in economic matters to have a square deal. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of men to resent and to resist and to oppose the mob spirit of the day which hurls the epithet Bolshevik at every co-operative enterprise and at every progressive idea.

While the Universalist Church is radical in spots and conservative in other spots it is mainly what it professes to be, a Liberal Church.

The Joy in Harvest

Robert Collyer

Robert Collyer, the Methodist blacksmith, the Universalist preacher, whose longest service was in the Unitarian Church, died in 1912.

The following is an "old sermon" in one sense, but it is a sermon full of the truth which is always new and fresh. And even the Great War, although it might make him change a few expressions if he were to revise it to-day, would not affect his rugged faith.

They joy before thee, according to the joy in harvest.—Isa. 9 : 3.

THERE is no time in the year more welcome than the fall. We find our sense of its charm grows deeper as the years steal on toward our own November and the setting in of winter in our human life, because our love for this fair world changes as we change and stands true to all the seasons.

And so my earliest memories are those of a child's delight in the early spring, when we went out to find the first snowdrops and the willow blooms that glorify Palm Sunday, and after these the primrose and cowslip, in the o d mother land, with the hawthorn, the apple-blossom, the golden gorse, and the early wild rose. The spring-time struck the first note of joy; and then, as my own youth passed away, the summer tides ran through my heart, deep answering unto deep, as they do in us all when our mother Nature has her way with us and we live close to her heart.

And then it was the fall; but here I found dismay —not as yet in the season, for I was not there only in the anticipation.

I had fallen in with the thought that Nature grows sick in the fall, and the pillars of fire she lifts in the woods are the hectic flush which warns us that the end is near. So I had imagined, until on one rare day I fell in with a saint and seer a good deal older than I was then. It was a day when this flush and flame pervaded the woods and wild uplands; and I began to talk in the old sad fashion about this sight, and cited proof from the Scriptures touching the life of man, such as, "We all do fade as a leaf." But the old seer was in the fall himself then, while I was still in the summer, and opened another argument drawn from his own experience. "I used to think very much as you do," he said, "when it was the summer-time with me; but now I love to believe that this season is the ripe splendor and glory of the year, and not the dissolution, but the consummation, of all things, when we look well into the heart of Nature through the glass of the good providence of God."

It was a lesson for a lifetime. As these autumn days come with their message to us all, when the time is ripe for the flaming banners to flash out and all things have come to their fine and full perfection that are true to the time, we may say, also: These are not the signs of dissolution, but of consummation, and not a threnody of death, but a psalm of life; when the mornings are silvered by the breath of the early frosts, and the flowers in our gardens seem like cups of fire which hold all the glory of the spring and the summer in their heart, and the air holds a golden mist and fragrance exhaled from the flowers, the fruits, and the harvest store.

In the spring the world all about us wakes up, and rises to welcome the new day; but the winter dies hard on our zone, and we ask each other whether this year there will be any spring worth the name. And through the summer the green things growing have to fight stern battles for their life. It is too dry, and they will wither on the stem. It is too wet, and they will rot in the furrows. The blight is on the berry, and the sting is in the plum. The apples are shaken down in the strong winds, and the roots in the gardens are in peril from the evil things that burrow in the dark,—mildew and rust are in the air; and the good man on the farm fears for his wheat, or wonders how the corn will fare, or is aware how the soft rains may turn to bullets of ice in the very heat of August, or the canker-worm may eat what the locust has left.

But the fall comes when the long fight is over, and we know once more there is seed for the sower and bread for the eater. The grapes are full of new wine, and the barns bulge with the fruits of the harvest. The word of the Lord has come true, "I will fill thee with fine wheat." He has watered the hills from His chambers, and the earth is satisfied with the fruits of His hands. He has caused the grass to grow for the cattle and the herb for the service of man; and we are at one with the wise old husbandman they told me about over the water, who farmed much land and never found fault with the seasons, but would tell you how he had noticed in his many years that what we call a bad season for one thing was good for another.

So we say, if the true heart is in us when the fall comes round: The divine Husbandman has been helping us, and working with us, stroke for stroke. This small planet has been swinging through her orbit on no wild adventure. The wind, blowing where it listeth, has been as the breath of the Most High; and His hand hath opened the chambers of heaven, and distilled the rains.

Let the year fall on sleep now: she has wrought nobly, and deserves her rest. This is the consummation: the trees, aflame with gold and crimson, and the flowers are the tokens to us that there is no more death, but a change from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord. And so I love the fall now, when I am in it, for the message of the consummation I find in its heart, which holds the promise of another spring, when

> "Earth is full of heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God."

It deepens and widens our joy, once more, to believe how much greater the harvest of God is, who satisfieth the desires of every living thing, than this we reckon on and weigh and measure for our own. "It will be a hard winter," ancient men say, who live on the land: "see what a wealth of things are ripening for the birds and the squirrels." The foretelling does not always come true, but I like to hear them say so, because it reveals a certain faith in the heart, which

ooks toward the promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy rength be," reaches away down to the sparrow, and akes him our commentator for the divine lesson in e Sermon on the Mount—that every bird has his wn provision and the harvests of heaven reach from ole to pole.

In the early days in Virginia they offered a bounty or killing the crows, because they ate up the new-own seed. So the creatures fled into the wilderness or dear life, and waited on God's hand; and then in o long time the Assembly offered a bounty to get hem back again, because it had become a question of o crow, no corn. They were watchmen, when the vhole truth came out, and must have their wages.

And John Burroughs says, "The lark I was looking at the other day has a brain one-third larger by proportion with his body than Shakespeare or Webster." It is the pledge that the great mother will see to her nurslings by fitting them forth so handsomely to see after themselves.

"We do not suspect," Darwin says again, "how ignorant we are of the conditions of existence among the creatures on which we are in the habit of looking down;" but we may all learn something, as we see how He whom the old saga calls the First Provider gives them all their meat in due season, and think how the harvest on which they rely has ripened day by day with ours. It ripens for them from the Iceland moss to the palm-trees on the equator.

So nothing is made in vain, I say, when I touch the truth of this noble consummation; nothing is made in vain. The Canada thistle is as beautiful and good in its own proper place as the rose of Sharon. And what a loathsome creature is your crocodile! What an uproar there would be if one was found in any of the great reservoirs, whence the water flows into the homes of our cities! They tell me they care for them as constantly in the reservoirs in Ceylon as our fine ladies care for those deplorable lap-dogs, because the water, under their fervid sun, would slay them but for the crocodile.

It is a hint, and no more, of the great harvest of God, which rounds and ripens through all the world, and holds within its zones a touch of His own infinity. There are creatures which need a forest for food and house-room. There are hosts I can not see living within the cup of a lily or a violet. "These all wait on Him, and He giveth them their meat in due season;" and "all's right with the world" when we are right in it. Why should we grow sad, then, when the golden glow falls about us in the autumn days, like a garment woven in celestial looms?

It may well deepen and widen our joy, again, to think what a wealth of difference and distinction comes with this matchless bounty, and how it all answers to a need or ministers to a delight.

I had a friend once who would have nothing to do with the strawberries which came to use in the winter, because he held they must ripen within a degree of his own garden, and in the sun, while they were only at their best when you can pluck them from your own vines. And, wandering with him in the Old World, I noticed he would only eat what wholesome people were eating where we went, and drink as a rule what they were drinking. "We drop in on a visit," he would say, "but they have been here time out of mind, learning what was good for them from the good mother Nature, and taking it from her hand." It was his way of touching the difference and distinction which lies along all the latitudes and longitudes, his conception of the trees of life the seer saw, which yield their fruit every month, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

They tell us the apple has never been found within the tropics of its own free will, or the orange where you can cut ice, and each is the match for the man who lives here or yonder. "What do you miss in your fruit?" I said once to a friend who lives far away to the southward. "The snap and tang of the winter," he answered. He was raised in Massachusetts, but the native man down there would never have made that answer.

We fight stern battles for our harvest stores, and win a wealth of sturdy manhood with them, which is making us the rulers of the world; but the children of the soft and sunny climes fight no such battles; and even the ants, where the sun is most fervid, turn their backs on Solomon. They will do nothing in the glare of the day, or lay up store for the winter which never comes. The breadfruit, the palm, and the banana grow almost without a thought or care. The thinking is of close kin to the demand. The great domed brain of a man like Webster is never nourished forth on the breadfruit and the palm. The salmon will only haunt cold waters: he is the match and marrow of cold weather.

We can exchange what we have for what they have, and so enlarge the boundaries of worth and enjoyment; but the main truth is this, that each zone reveals the wonder of bread enough, and then of the bread the man needs who dwells there, or he could not stay; and the saying of the prophet comes forever true—"I will hear the heavens," saith the Lord, "and the heavens shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn and wine and oil, and they shall hear," —the sowing of God.

It is the next great joy, then, this of the difference and distinction in which all His gifts are as the bread which cometh down from heaven; and how well our children answer to this law, who rebel against a gray monotony even of good things when in our foolish wisdom we would shut them up in some theory or dogma we have stolen from a book perchance, done by a man who has quite forgotten his own childhood or had none worth the name!

The joy of harvest should grow deep and radiant in all our hearts again, when we think of the bounty and blessing it brings to the nations as well as to our own home land.

The sun shines on no home within the American republic where there may not be bread enough and to spare, if the bread-winner will see to it, and quit himself like a man; nor is there any home where the bread-winner is disabled or dead in which there will not be bread enough when the need is once made known: while in the Old World there is hardly a poor man's platter on which you shall not find what is to him a new plenty, because of the ploughman and herdsman of these States. And so the ploughman and herdsman, as good Jeremy Taylor says, are also ministers of God.

The long sad cry of the poor for bread is stayed

now as it never was before, especially in our own mother lands; and we are God's bread-winners and bread breakers for the nations. But woe to us if we do not find some way to meet and master the shameful things which are done so often, through which every poor man's loaf is made lighter and our fair commerce shamed!

Still, the truth abides that our land is flooded with plenty. There is seed for the sower and bread for the eater. He who ruleth in the heavens hears the cry of all the creatures of His hand; and to all He not only giveth meat in due season, but the due meat. We can help the world, while still we help ourselves; and, if we stand true to the holy law of neighbor to neighbor and man to man, we can make the whole world brighter by our bounty, and cause it to rejoice in our joy.

And then we may well ask once more what truth these things, which are seen and temporal, can bring home to us all, touching the things which are unseen and eternal, and find this among the first we have glanced at for an instant already—that this world of ours swings on in no blind fashion, but is held to its course by the hand of the Most High.

A fearful thing it is, indeed, to think of this home of ours threading its way among the constellations, balancing itself between the sun and the infinite dark void, and of the imprisoned elements, and what would befall if they broke loose utterly; for where would these autumn glories be then, with the harvests and homes, and with them this marvelous human creature, man, He has made a little higher than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor?

It is only fearful, and food for any sad foreboding, when we leave out of the reckoning His divine presence and providence who cares not for the worlds alone, but for the lily and the sparrow, and touched me with a pang of delight long ago, when I saw the bluebells on the crest of the Rhigi balancing themselves against the whole solar system, swinging free in the fresh wind of the morning, wet with the rain and resplendent in the sun.

This earth of ours is true to her seasons because God is true and steadfast to His divine purpose and plan from whom all things spring, as the fountain springs from the great deeps, and has made no mistake in His making or lost any thread in the guiding. Let us be sure of that, as we rejoice before Him in the joys of harvest. It has never been a lost world, but found rather to a diviner purpose always, and was never so radiant with His presence as it is this morning.

We may lay this truth also to our hearts as we grow glad for the harvest home; that, while my joy and yours rests in Him, it rests also in its own due measure with us, as all joy must. We have to win by good, honest striving. All the harvest homes worth the name are the fruit of such striving, as well as of the help of God. I know about where to look for the poor, scant harvests a thousand miles from where I stand, and I know the reason, which must still be guarded by Paul's tender caution, who made thee to differ, why there is an abounding grace, and yonder only disgrace; and this truth lies within the whole sum and substance of our lives.

All the harvests are ours for the striving; and do not you forget that, especially you who are in the springtime of what you may be and do. We may have a poor lot to work on: it need not stay poor, if we add to our faith virtue. We may think we are poor sticks. So the poor stick of a willow might have said, my friend left on the edge of a marsh and thought no more about it. But the wetness touched the dry thing, and the sun and the rain fell on it, so tiny spikelets shot forth when the spring came; and when he took me to see it after many years, there was a grand bole and waving banners of green, and the birds were nesting and singing far aloft for joy of the tree.

I love to think of another truth these golden days bring home to us all,—the truth that some fruits ripen early and some late; and some flowers shed their white glory in the spring, while some endure right on to the frosts of winter; for this is the law of their diverse life. Yet how rich the year is through the whole wealth of them, the bounty, the beauty, and the fragrance! And so shall we not think of the ingathering of the harvest of heaven and the angels. "All too soon," we moaned, "all too soon! Why must they be taken?" But the blessed truth remains that we had them once, and have them still. They are our treasures laid up in heaven. They did come to bless us—the fair fruits and flowers of the springtime and the summer—and we can sing with the great singer, then,—

> "This truth came borne with bier and pall,
> I felt it when I sorrowed most:
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

And now one word for the charity that never faileth. How forbidding some of the good fruits of the harvest are on the surface! How sweet and good in the heart! And how evil a thing it would be to judge them only by what we see or to judge them before their time.

The fall days come, the frost mellows them, or you get at the heart of your hard shell, and then how sweet and good they are, to be sure! It is of men like Milton they remind us, and Johnson or Stephen Girard, and hosts of men besides we may have known, who needed all the sun there was, and a touch of the frost, too. And then, that time should shred away the shell, the sweetness lay not on the surface: it was deep in the heart, guarded by the knots or the spikes. We have all known such men, hard and angular or sharp to our touch as a chestnut burr; and there would have been no great worth, perhaps, if we had broken through the shell before the time.

I made one of these some amends when he was dead, but still repent me of my harsh judgment while he was alive. No man more honest, but he seemed to be all hard shell; and then men came to me and told me of things he had done in the later years, and done in secret, the angels of God might envy. Then I said in my heart, "If I am worthy to meet that man in heaven, when I get through down here, I will beg his pardon," and I still mean to do it. It was the hard shell or the chestnut burr I was scolding and fretting about, and wist not of the sweet and shining heart.

Yes, and let these days teach us some good lessons of faith and hope for those that seem to our poor seeing to hold no worth in them at all. Long ago I would be busy in my overtime among the flowers, and got some

ed one spring of a rare and unique sort to sow and ise a wealth of beauty and fragrance from my seeds. ut the soil was not good, and the sun came late on that de the house, so the promise did not come true. Still cup or so did flash forth into beauty and grace; hile, when the frosts came, I found a seed or two in e wreck of my hope, and said: "I will save these for nother summer, and try again. These seeds are the roof there will be another summer, if we had no other roof." So the spring came, when, having learned omething by my failure, I set them in a richer tilth at lay fairer to the sun; and, lo! my flowers were the lory of my garden.

It is the everlasting gospel of the grace of God hich touches our whole life. Not a plant or flower in His garden just like another, and no best without a better hanging in the heavens we must capture and bring down.

Yes, and the soil, how harsh and poor it is for some! and the sun, how late he shines for some! and the things that stab and sting, how cruel they are to root and stalk in some! And then we say, "What a wreck!" But this is God's husbandry, as well as ours. "All souls are mine," saith the Lord; and, if we will but turn to Him, as my poor flower turned to what sun there was, and make the best of the harsh and poor soil in which our life may be set to grow, then there shall be a seed saved and sown again for the

"Immortal life in never failing worlds,
For mortal creatures conquered and secure."

Something of the History of Thanksgiving Day

Dorothy Hall

THE very first Thanksgiving of all, in spite of New England tradition, was not so much a day of religious worship as an outdoor barbecue and community celebration. The little group of ardy spirits who still held on after that first terrific vinter at Plymouth, when fifty-one out of the total umber of a hundred had died and almost all were ill, o that there were only seven left to work for and care or all the others, had, for all their harsh tenacity, a apacity for pleasure. "It is not with us," said Brewster, "as with men whom small things can dis-ourage or small discontentments cause to wish them-elves at home again." It was not with them, indeed, s with ordinary men, and our admiration for their bravery is apt to lead us to regard them as almost uperhuman and to forget that they could rejoice in ighter vein as well as labor with grim seriousness. When they found themselves with a plentiful harvest t the end of that first summer, and a good supply of venison, wild fowl and fish, they planned a few days of recreation, sent out hunters to kill game for a feast, and invited their Indian friends to compete with them n a series of athletic contests and games. Prayers here were, of course, because the Pilgrims always had their daily religious service, but the first Thanks-giving Day at Plymouth was primarily a festival.

Ten years later there is mention of something more nearly like a real Thanksgiving at the Bay Colony. This too came after a winter of discourage-ment and hardship. The colonists were reduced to a diet of clams and ground nuts, and even these they had difficulty in procuring in mid-winter. "But God, who delights to appear in greatest straits," runs the old chronicle, "did work marvelously at this time," and just before the day which in desperation had been appointed for fasting and prayer arrived a ship laden with provisions, and the appointed day was changed to one of Thanksgiving. The reverent attitude of these sorely tried men is expressed in a letter from Governor Winthrop to Governor Bradford referring to these circumstances: "It calls for much thankfulness from us which we purpose, the Lord willing, to express in a day of Thanksgiving to our merciful God. As he humbled us by our recent correction, so he has now lifted us up by an abundant rejoicing in our deliverance from so desperate a danger."

From that time on Thanksgiving days were appointed now and again after periods of special stress and need. Twenty-nine orders are recorded all together for Thanksgivings between 1631 and 1685. On these days people were required to "refrain from work and recreation and from traveling," and inn-keepers were obliged to clear their houses of all per-sons "able to go to meeting." No regular custom was established, however, even up to the time of the Revolution. Many times during the struggle with the mother country the Continental Congress invoked divine favor by appointing a day for "Public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer," but the first National Thanksgiving Day may be said to have been that of November first, 1777, appointed by Congressional proclamation which recommended "that at one Time and with one Voice, the good People may express the grateful Feelings of their Hearts, and consecrate themselves to the Service of their Divine Benefactor; and that, together with their sincere Acknowledgments and Offerings, they may join the penitent Confessions of their manifold Sins, whereby they had forfeited every Favour; and their humble and earnest Supplica-tion that it may please God through the Merits of Jesus Christ, mercifully to forgive and blot them out of Remembrance. And that servile Labour, and such Recreation as, though at other Times innocent, may be unbecoming the Purpose of this Appointment, be omitted on so solemn an Occasion."

Again for a long period of years Thanksgiving Day was only kept in a haphazard sort of fashion, until the national appointments were revived at the time of the Civil War. November 26, 1863, was set aside by the proclamation of President Lincoln after a season of victories and an unexpectedly good harvest. It was that year and the succeeding one that Thanks-giving became definitely established as a harvest festival. After Lincoln's death President Andrew Johnson continued the custom of a National Procla-mation upon the urgent request of the First Congre-gational Church in Washington, and from that date it has never been omitted. Some years Thanksgiving has needed to be a day of fasting and prayer, while in other years it could only be one of heartfelt rejoicing, but more and more it has come to mean home-coming and brotherly love, a day "holy unto our Lord."

Great Thoughts for Thanksgiving Day

He said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet. Ezek. 2 : 1.

SHALL we, can we, thank God for His mercies, standing upon our feet and rejoicing that we are men, thoroughly grateful for the real joy of life? Back of all the special causes for Thanksgiving which our hearts recognize, is there a thankfulness for that on which they all rest and in which they are sewn like jewels in a cloth of gold, for the mere fact of human life, for the mere privilege and honor of being men and women?

If you have been dwelling solely on the soil that is in man, or on the special evil which you think is in your Church, your nation or your age . . . stand up! Stand upon your feet. Believe in man! Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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I will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving. Psa. 116 : 17.

IS it possible then that thanksgiving may be a sacrifice? Is it sometimes a difficult duty to express one's thanks, so that a sacrificial quality enters into one's recognition of kindness?

Of course this is not always true. Many people find it the easiest thing in the world to be thankful. They are often too profuse in their gratitude. It is not a sacrifice to them, but rather a luxury to express appreciation. They make up in gratitude what we should like to have them put into effort. Gratitude, as has been said, of such a person, is little more than a sense of favors to come; to some persons, on the other hand, it is by no means easy to feel grateful for things as they are. They live in the future, they are expectant and sanguine. A man's life, they say, consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth, but in the abundance of things he does not possess and wants to. They welcome such texts as "Ask and ye shall receive," "knock and it shall be opened," but they do not naturally repeat such texts as "I will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving."

There are, still further, many persons, and some of the very best of people, who find the expression of obligation one of the hardest of experiences. They like to do for others, but they do not like to have others do for them. They have failed to attain one of the finest graces of life, the grace of receiving kindness. They are poor and do not want to be patronized; they are proud and do not want to be receiving favors; and so they stand over against the world in an attitude of defiant self-respect, asking help from no one and owing gratitude to none.

What however, is the truth about this attempt to lead an independent and self-sustaining life? The truth is that no life can be free of obligation. Back of all that the strongest and bravest can do or can get, there is a region of experience where we are sheer receivers, dependent upon our neighbors, the social order, and the purposes of God. The fundamental thought of human life, one great theologian has taught, is the sense of dependence, to imagine one's self unindebted is to leave much of one's experience unexplained. The chief resources of every life are unearned and undeserved, free gifts from the Universe; and the first thought with which a reasonable man should begin his day is the thought of the unappreciated and unrecognizable blessings which flow in upon him like the light.—*Francis Greenwood Peabody.* (*From "Mornings in the College Chapel," Second Series.*)

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LET me write as an individual, and let each reader notice if he does not find in his own life something akin to every point I raise. What I wish to express at this time is my gratitude for the simple blessings of life. I am thankful for the profession that is mine. Even the drudgery of a minister's life is interesting. Even its failures have a moral value, while its successes bring a joy too deep to be expressed. I am thankful for the hard side of life, whereby I am compelled ever to exert myself to the utmost. I am thankful for the daily struggle which so disciplines my soul as to make me of use to others. I am thankful for the books that flood the earth, both for those which I read with delight and for those which I have not time to read, but which face me ever with a divine challenge. I am thankful for such degree of health and physical and moral strength as are mine. I am thankful for the friends who walk by my side or share my best endeavor. I am thankful for the liberty which as an American citizen, an honest man, and a progressive thinker, I am privileged to enjoy.

I am thankful for my home so full of precious treasures, loving companionship, and peace; for my church so inspiring by its truth, so ennobling in its demands, so gracious in its rewards; for my country with its high traditions and its still loftier possibilities. I am thankful for the beauty of the earth, for the sunlit paths in the woods, for the cool brooks by the wayside, for the glorious mountains that I do not have to climb, for the butterflies of summer and the snowflakes of winter, for the fleecy clouds up to which men might look oftener than they do, and for the crystals deep buried in the earth, exquisitely beautiful, though no man sees. I am thankful for my religion, thankful, too, that religion is broad enough to have some message for every soul. Finally, and underneath all of this, I am thankful for life, for the wonderful path along which the Lord has thus far led it, and for the bright gleam that comes through the doorways that open into the future. I am thankful that every impulse of my heart and every element of my brain look forward to a just fulfilment of the joys and possibilities of the past and the present. It is because I am an immortal that I have the grace to be thankful for common things, and being an immortal I am overwhelmed with gratitude at the thought that what awaits me in the future is not death nor doom, but eternal life. Think, reader, can any one of us at any moment ever be other than thankful?—*Charles E. St. John, in Christian Register.*

A Thankful Heart

Frank Oliver Hall

"GIVE me a calm, a thankful heart," is an excellent prayer for Thanksgiving Day and for every other day. The person who possesses a thankful heart can dispense with ost other things. And this much is certain: there no "earthly bliss" without it. It is important therere for one to know how to lay hold of this precious ossession.

The thankful heart, or its opposite, the melanholy, despondent, fault-finding heart, like every her quality of human nature, depends upon two hings: heredity and habit.

It is said that all babies come into the world with wail, as if in protest against being born. There e some who keep on wailing and protesting to the nd of the chapter. Others very soon exchange the ail for a gurgle of joy, and continue to gurgle and in through life. It is a great thing to be born with hat we call a happy disposition, and of all the blightg birthmarks ever bestowed upon a child, the most isagreeable is a disposition to melancholy.

But suppose that one comes into the world with omething in his make-up which predisposes him to hine and snivel and sneer and find fault, is it necesary that he should carry that depressing burden hrough life? If so, such a person is "not so much orn into the world as damned into it." Who is it hat tells me to weep when I ought to laugh, and whine hen I ought to sing, and drag one foot after another hen I ought to dance? Oh, some ancestor, whose ery name I never heard. This miserable scamp raised ain and took the consequences, which was just. But, by Heaven, it is not just that he should pass the consequences on to me, and I do not propose to accept them without a protest. He is dead and gone and out of the way a hundred years, and he ought to stay dead and not insist upon thrusting his grinning skull before my eyes on Thanksgiving Day, or any other day.

So when he comes gibbering and groaning around, trying to spoil my day, I am going to shake my fist at him and tell him to get back into his grave where he belongs. I say to him, "You miserable old ghost, get out of my presence and let me alone. You tell me to weep and I laugh, 'Ha ha.' You tell me to groan and moan and I sing, 'Tra-la-la.' You tell me that life is bad, burdensome, altogether evil, and I tell you that life is what we make it, and because you made a failure of yours is no reason why I should not get joy and beauty and love out of mine. So, away with you! I propose to possess a thankful heart."

And the best of it is, that the person who persists in his determination to achieve this precious possession, can acquire it simply by cultivating the habit of looking for the true, the beautiful and the good. There is more joy than misery in the world, and most of the misery is joy in the making, if it is utilized the right way.

So cheer up!

Be thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

And then make every following day a day of thanksgiving.

So shall you help to answer your own prayer: "Give me a calm, a thankful heart."

Toleration the Greatest Need

George F. Milton, Jr., Editor of the Chattanooga News

WE of the South this year have been close to a thing which might have become most dangerous, but which already seems on the point of breaking up through internal trife—the Ku Klux Klan. A study of it should cause ll of us to feel the need of a spirit of tolerance for the ibles and beliefs of our fellow men, if the world is ver to attain peace. The only thing which really eserves intolerance of thought is intolerance itself, nd we can not feel so bitter toward even that when we nderstand the forces back of it.

The old Ku Klux Klan was a spontaneous movenent of the reconstruction days of the sixties and eventies, at first entered into by earnest, sincere men, or high purposes—the prevention of crime and abuses y the newly enfranchised colored folks, who constantly ere being goaded into excesses by the "carpetbagers." For a while it was useful, but in a few years its anks were permeated by roughs and toughs, and the etter element withdrew. The South itself repressed he Ku Klux Klan; its demise came after representaive government had been re-established south of Mason and Dixon's line. The states passed acts of onsiderable severity—the one now on the Tennessee tatute books provides that going masked on a street or highway is a felony, punishable with imprisonment.

The new Ku Klux Klan was quite different from the old, although it sought to masquerade under a similar ritual, with weird gibberish for its officers' names, and hooded garb for its members. The new Klan was a commercial proposition, in which the guiding genius was Colonel William J. Simmons, of Atlanta, Ga., who conceived the idea of reinstituting the order, and charging about $10 a person for fees for joining. After a short initial struggle, in which the plan took hold slowly, he received many converts; one Edward Young Clarke became his chief lieutenant and expansion executive. The so-called ideals of the Klan were formed, and fitted in well with the antipathies of a large part of the less liberal South.

The thing then went with a rush. The anti-Catholic party in the South has always been strong; for decades such men as the brilliant and erratic Tom Watson had fed the fires of the anti-Catholics with vitriolic speeches, letters, papers. Thousands and thousands joined the new Ku Klux, with its "Americanism." Fees rolled into Atlanta. The Klan bought out a university and announced it as the Klan college. The national officers erected huge buildings—headquarters, a palace for Colonel Simmons, the Imperial

Wizard, and other homes in accord. Newspapers and others started exposures, which advertised the order more than it possibly could have secured otherwise, and greatly aided it; the Congressional investigation, with Colonel Simmons' dramatic faint while in the chair, was worth millions to it. So, all in all, it throve mightily, and waxed fat. It became a political power in several states, and this year went so far as to control quite a few elections.

The backbone of the Klan's strength is intolerance. That was why it made such a strong appeal, for there are always hundreds of thousands whose passions are stronger than their reason, whose prejudices are more powerful than their sense of justice, in other words, Christians who think that God is Hate, rather than that God is Love. Had they ever heard or read Mazzini's famous dictum, "Nothing worth while was ever built on hate," they would have made an exception of their own pet prejudice—usually against the Catholic, the Jew, the negro, or the foreigner in general.

There is no question but that it is a sincere intolerance, save perhaps in the case of a few leaders who are acquainted with the methods of twisting people's inmost prejudices into handles of power for themselves. There is a feeling among the members of the Evangelical Churches of the South that "Romanism," as it is called, is a menace; that the Catholic Church is attempting to subvert the American Government; that the famous alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus, which was quoted and exploded in the *Congressional Record* in 1913 (the exploding of it is never referred to by the Klan agitators, who always use the *Congressional Record* part of as if the government were attesting the authenticity of the charge) binds the members of that fraternal order to anything from mayhem to housemaid's knee, if the Pope should wish it; that true "Americanism" consists in denial of political rights to any save those who agree with the Klan; that "Americanism" necessitates the tearing up of the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment. To a degree, such thoughts exist; they are more common among the Evangelical Churches, because the mass of the under-educated are members of those denominations. The followers of these churches, responsive as they are to emotional appeals, assimilate with greater ease the direful stories of the dangers of this, that and something else; the panoply of the hooded knighthood, Kleagles, Wizards, Kilgrips, and Klonvocations, appeals to the unthinking.

One fundamental difficulty with the order was that it arrogated to itself extra-legal powers, declaring that if the proper officials of the law did not enforce it, the Klans would see that offenders were punished—if not through the law, without it. The law must be enforced, but it must be enforced through the constituted authorities, and any endeavor to enforce it through illegal methods, or weapons, or processes, is as violative of the true spirit of our institutions as is the original wrong of the evil-doer.

In addition to this, there is the evil of anonymity. As first constituted, the resuscitated Klan was a gathering of masked men, unknown to the world. It differed from the usual secret order in that its members denied their membership; in truth, there is a shrewd suspicion that their oaths required them to deny that they belonged to the Ku Klux Klan. This again was a bad thing. Any body of men has a right to band together for any legal purpose, which it proposes to secure in a legal way. The so-called aims and ideals of the Klan read well; they are skilfully written, and convey an impression of fairness and justice, the Romish question eliminated. But the mask of secrecy destroyed any confidence in the order; a band of hoodlums could masquerade as Klansmen, and wreak havoc. The Klansmen themselves were under no responsibility to any one for their actions; they gathered in the night, did their deeds, and dispersed, without any one having clue to the perpetrators.

Governor Hardwick of Georgia some months ago sternly demanded that they cease masking, and become as other secret orders—open and aboveboard. Compliance came, though reluctantly. If and when the Klan is a secret order which does not hide behind a mask, but has its members known and open, it is subject to far less attack than hitherto. There are several organizations with similar aims, which are conducted openly, and combated openly. The Junior Order of American Mechanics is one such, the American Protective Association another. They have antagonisms as strong as those of the Klan, but they do not mask them. When the Klan evolves into that class, its menace will have largely gone.

The history of the last hundred years has been one of recurrent waves of religious hatreds with political bias. The old "Know-Nothing" campaigns were waged much along the same lines. That party rose about the time of the great Irish immigration to America; the Know Nothings were determined to limit immigration, and keep the Irish out. They attacked the newcomers from an isolation standpoint, and had a temporary success. Again, in the eighties and nineties, there was another wave of anti-Catholicism—the American Protective Association; it rose to a crest, and then subsided. Here, for the third time, it has come again, and will as inevitably subside.

Already there are signs of internal strife among the Klansmen, which bode well for its impotence. The imperial headquarters at Atlanta, consisting of Colonel Simmons, and shortly before this of Edward Young Clarke, is under attack by a large insurgent element for too great autocracy; the "rank and file" of the Klan is said to be growing restive under the dictation of the Imperial Wizard and his Kilgrips. Quite a number of state leaders have been ousted for insubordination; they have formed a rival, insurgent, National Associated Clans, the announced purpose of which is to oust from leadership the Simmons-Clarke *regime*. It looks as if the Klan is to be split into two bitterly hostile factions, fighting for control.

In other words, prosperity has been the Klan's worst enemy. It has grown so fast that it has been unable to assimilate the growth, and to bind itself together into a cohesive, harmonious mass. There are as yet no doctrinal dissensions—the insurgents announce that they approve the code of the Klan, and are seeking to oust the Wizards so they can put it into practise. But dissensions over beliefs are sure to follow dissensions over power. One element will interpret "100 per cent Americanism" as attacking

negroes, another element as attacking the Catholics, hird, attacking the Japanese; there will be conflict to where the major emphasis is to reside. And ther schism in the already unwieldy bulk of the oded knights is likely. There is good reason to pe that the dangers of the Ku Klux Klan are beming to pass.

One of the peculiarities of the rise of the Klan has en that attack has aided the order. Unfavorable blicity has perhaps had more to do with its growth an any other one factor, save the ever-present prejices of men. Cities the newspapers of which atcked the Klan, soon saw monster memberships. e series of assaults by Eastern newspapers, Congress, *al.*, swelled the rolls. The Klan waxed fat on atck; onslaughts made sympathy for it. The wisest urse has been found to let it run on in silence, minating any publicity of any kind. If the news cessities brought to papers items which deserved sertion, a favorable one helped the Klan less than an favorable one. Then finally, when the Klan had run its course, like a fever, and was about played out, news accounts of its factional differences, and of the charges its own members were making against their officials, showed it in a true light, without fear of repercussion.

There have been many cases of injustices committed by the Klan spirit which have roused the anger of right-thinking citizens, and have caused them to wish to enter into a campaign of extermination. But the course of silence and contempt seems about to win out. The individual injustices which were committed may not be rectified for some time, but the mob spirit, the Klan psychology, the organized passions and hatreds, have not run nearly so long as it was feared they would. The situation is still not free from danger, but a good deal of the menace has been eliminated. One thing, however, has not—prejudice. The Klan's motto is, "Yesterday, To-day, Forever," and these can truly be said to be its chief weapons, Passion and Prejudice, twin serpents man has nurtured in his bosom from time immemorial.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

I The Pulpit

Agricola

THE pulpit is one of the agencies which society has created to help it save its own soul. We are wise enough to know that we must consciously strive to help ourselves if we e to survive morally. People must not be allowed drift. They can not just "grow" as Topsy did. society has created its schools and its churches for tellectual and spiritual guidance. In a hundred ays intellectual education is necessary. But there another and deeper need. We do not know how to e, and living is after all the most important thing.

Out of Man's travail and needs he has evolved the lpit. The pulpit is like a guide-post at life's crossads. It is the bell that tells us of treacherous, unen rocks in the sea of life. It is a beacon both to warn d inspire. It is constantly pleading in golden tones remember the things of the spirit, to acknowledge od, to love our fellow men. Its existence is evidence society's conscious effort to escape moral bankptcy. Acknowledging our ignorance we seek guidnce, admitting weakness we desire power. Without ligion there is danger that the race would commit oral suicide, and become a cock-pit of snarling, arreling, vicious animals.

More than principles perhaps, the world needs en. There is magic in the personal touch that frees from pain and drives away our doubts. Better an medicine is a friendly handclasp, and the welcome oice of a true friend. In times of deepest trouble e minister comes into our inmost souls with symthy and consolation. He brings help from other orlds. He points to a higher realm, the realm of the irit, where we can forget our griefs and drink inration from spiritual sources. Better than mere ords, more healing than all drugs, is this balm that mes like light from other worlds, from personal ntact with one who mediates between man and his aker.

The preacher labors mightily to keep up social morale. He steadies the nerves of the community, infuses courage, creates ideals, promotes ambition, reconv nces his people every Sunday of the worthwhileness of life. Such a work is inestimable. Apart from his purely spiritual functions this service alone would make the preacher an indispensable part of the social machinery, worth far more than he costs.

The pulpit performs more work for less money than any other calling. It puts in more hours per day for less wages per hour than any laborer in these days of labor unions. The preacher can not work for self without incurring the charge of selfishness. He can not insist even upon his own salary without lessening his influence.

He must take what people choose to give him. And if they choose to give nothing he must smile just the same. Regardless of self he must serve. Self-sacrifice is his motto—the thing by which he lives and thrives. By losing self he finds his opportunity. By saving himself he would lose everything. When he works without price he achieves most, and by a strange anomaly the less he acquires the more he possesses. His is the only calling on earth that can continuously give more than it receives and still be solvent. It must efface itself to achieve glory.

The preacher of course is human. He has a family to support, and how he raises his numerous children on his slender salary with dignity and decorum and conceals his crying needs is a genuine modern miracle. If under such circumstances he occasionally "follows the light" to a parish which pays a higher salary, we can only commend and not criticise. He must always be neat and clean, wear impeccable black in the pulpit, smile under all circumstances, never complain of the ways of Providence, preach original sermons twice each week, make pastoral calls upon every family, and preach funeral

sermons on instant notice. In short, he is the handy man of the community, interested in everything and everybody, standing for every righteous cause yet not insisting too strongly, bending to people's whims yet yielding not a bit of principle though the heavens fall.

The faithful preacher is thus the bond of union in the community, holding together all sorts and conditions of people and making social life possible and agreeable. He is indefatigable, indispensable, omnipresent, omniscient, gentle yet firm, wise yet obliging, sweet yet stern, full of human qualities yet living apart on an eminence, visiting the gutters yet in constant communion with higher powers, the embodiment of everything that is gentle, good, forgiving, sympathetic, divine.

The only wonder is that his tribe increases. It is not so wonderful when we remember that his is the seat of real power, the place of greatest service in all the world. His poverty, self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, perennial toil, have their overwhelming reward in the deep consciousness of duty well done, and the knowledge that his ministry to human souls is more precious than gold or jewels.

The British General Election

Herbert W. Horwill

Herbert W. Horwill, English correspondent of the *Universalist Leader*, was for twenty years London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*. He has contributed also to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Contemporary Review*, *Nineteenth Century* and *Political Science Quarterly*. In his earlier life he was a clergyman of the Methodist Church and has represented English Methodists at international gatherings in this country. Mr. Horwill is now at 1831 California St., Washington, D. C., for the winter, representing British papers and lecturing and preaching as he has time and opportunity. His regular English correspondence is now of necessity discontinued.

ONLY dire necessity could have induced British Conservatives to accept Lloyd George as their leader. Ten years ago no one would have believed it possible that defenders of aristocratic privilege, like Lord Curzon, would ever consent to hold office in an administration headed by the "demagogue" and "mob orator" whose assaults upon their political and social citadels had just before aroused such intense resentment. It was a bitter pill to swallow. It was coated, however, by the opportunity to make a virtue of the surrender and to represent it as a sacrifice on the shrine of national unity in the emergency of the war.

But, camouflage the situation as one might, no true Conservative can have felt altogether happy about it. It meant substantial and frequent concessions—again and again giving up this policy as the price of getting that. The conflict between the Conservative and Liberal elements in the Coalition Cabinet led to the see-sawing which was its great weakness and which ultimately made it incapable of meeting an exceptional strain. Meanwhile, all that the thorough-going Tories could do was to possess their souls in patience and wait for the time when the name of Lloyd George would have lost its spell and there would be little or no risk in throwing him overboard.

That moment seemed to have arrived when the recent party meeting was held at the Carlton Club. Dissatisfaction with the Government policy in the Near East was evidently widespread, and the election at Newport—where a Coalition seat was captured by an independent Conservative—was interpreted as a sign that the country was swinging away from its allegiance to the once popular leader. There was reason to believe that the electorate had at last had enough of costly and futile adventures abroad and broken promises at home; that its nerves were no longer agreeably titillated, but painfully frayed, by the expectation of some new and sensational coup every morning; and that it would welcome a period of comparative rest, devoted to the steady and quiet repair of the losses of the war.

That sedative the Bonar Law Administration has come into being to supply. The new Cabinet is open to the charge of being commonplace, not to say stodgy. So much the better, think the new Premier's leading supporters, for what the country wants today is a leadership that is safe and sane, rather than brilliant. Much as America, in 1908, hoped to find in President Taft a relief from the perpetual excitements of the Roosevelt era, so Great Britain is now believed to be ready to hail in the plain and practical Bonar Law a heaven-sent substitute for the incalculable and bewildering Lloyd George. The appeal of the new Government is therefore addressed to moderate men of all parties, Liberals as well as Conservatives. With Labor declaring itself openly in favor of a levy on capital, the nationalization of mines and railways, and various schemes of social reform that will involve a great increase in national expenditure—or, in other words, higher taxation—Bonar Law and his friends hope that not only the normal adherents of the Conservative Party but the solid *bourgeoisie* and the middle classes as a whole will rally to the support of a Government which pledges itself to keep to the middle of the road.

That members of the Conservative Party generally will attach themselves to the new Government is a foregone conclusion. Many of them are sore at having had to throw in their lot for so long with a group of unwelcome allies, and the first Conservative Prime Minister for seventeen years may confidently count on their ready support. Even those who, like Austen Chamberlain, are for the present estranged through their sense of loyalty to the Coalition and its leader, may be expected to come in a little later, when the new Government is actually at work and the old Coalition is evidently destroyed beyond repair. Add to the prospect of winning over the moderate Liberals the public adhesion of Reginald McKenna will be interpreted as an encouraging omen. A former holder of high office in Liberal Governments, and now one of the leading London bankers, he carries great weight not only in the financial world but among those Liberals

liticians who are anxious to be protected against volutionary or radical change. Bonar Law's unrtaking to respect the Irish settlement and to reain from making protectionism an integral part his policy—in fiscal matters the inclusion in the abinet of the Earl of Derby, who has the best of asons for keeping on good terms with Lancashire tton manufacturers, will be a further safeguard—will move two grounds of apprehension that might herwise have made Liberals hesitate to range themlves on his side.

In addition, there is the factor that politicians e accustomed to call "the swing of the pendulum." every general election many votes are determined the feeling that it is time to give the other people a ance. The most successful outgoing Government as always some disappointments and failures on its cord. Let us see, says the voter, whether its critics n not do better if they are allowed a turn. In the esent instance this motive is complicated by the ct that some of the members of the new Cabinet were so members of the old one, and therefore can not cape a share of responsibility for its shortcomings. ut, after all, it is the head of the Government to hom most credit or blame must be given, especially nce the late Premier has done so much to break down e traditional doctrine of collective Cabinet reonsibility. And for the last eighteen months Bonar aw has been outside the official circle altogether.

There is much, then, that tells in favor of Bonar aw's chance of gaining a substantial majority at the oproaching elections. What is there on the other de? First and foremost, the prestige and popularity the man whom he has supplanted at Downing Street. one judged only by the reception given to Lloyd eorge at the places he has visited since his resignation, ne might conclude that his hold upon the country is nabated. Nor, in spite of the long-continued strain pon his physique, is there the least sign of any imairment of his astonishing energy and vitality. He clearly in first-rate fighting trim. But every one who as had to do with elections knows that the enthusiasm f mass meetings may be a very misleading guide to hat is going to happen at the polls. The story is old of a meeting in West Virginia in 1900 when a man the audience rushed up to the platform at the end f a speech of W. J. Bryan's, shook him vigorously by oth hands, and then reluctantly stepped back and atched the Peerless Leader as others gave him ffusive greeting. "I suppose you're quite an admirer f Mr. Bryan's," some one remarked. "Oh, yes," as the prompt reply, "I surely am. Like him—ighty fine man—one of the greatest of our time. Would drive miles to hear him. And, by George, if I eren't a Republican, I'd vote for him!" A similar iscount must be taken off a good deal of present-day nglish admiration for Lloyd George.

And, when it comes to polling-day, there will be ne important difference between the situation now nd that at the last election. In 1918 the voter who as asked to cast his ballot for a Lloyd George candiate was being invited to support a Government that as actually in existence and that was likely to obtain sufficient majority to maintain it in power. To-day, oting for a Lloyd George candidate will mean sending to Parliament a supporter of a guerrilla leader who can count on only a nondescript following of a strength quite inadequate to put him back into office. Some time ago there was talk of Lloyd George's putting himself at the head of a new Center Party, which was to rally to itself the moderate men who object to reactionary conservatism on the one hand and social upheaval on the other. Nothing is heard of any such proposal to-day. The idea of a moderate party led by Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead, and Winston Churchill—the three greatest "plungers" and opportunists in modern English politics—is too ludicrous to be seriously entertained. The Lloyd George candidates at this month's election will be Lloyd George candidates pure and simple, with the personality of their leader as their one ground of appeal. One may reasonably doubt whether there will be very many of them in addition to those members of the late Government who have not transferred their allegiance to Bonar Law. The aspiring politician is not prone to link his fortunes to a defeated cause that depends upon the popularity of a single man and has no party backing behind it. The theory of the one indispensable man suffered a severe blow when Asquith, who was generally held to fill that *role*, suddenly dropped out of office in the middle of the war without any sense of irretrievable loss being created by his disappearance. Maybe the experience of his successor will provide another illustration of the falsity of this doctrine.

The recent by-elections have given little encouragement to the independent or Asquithian Liberals. They will be lucky if they preserve in the new Parliament even the scanty representation they possessed in the old one. Labor expects, with good reason, to make great gains, for its party organization has immensely improved during the last four years and the widespread discontent with present economic conditions gives it a rare opportunity for effective propaganda. But an increase in the number of Labor M. P.'s will not be worth much unless their quality reaches a higher level. Two or three men of the type of Ramsay Macdonald and Philip Snowden would do more in the House than as many dozen samples of the ordinary trade union official. The advent to power of an avowedly Conservative Government is not actually altogether unwelcome to Labor. Some Government or other will have to undertake the task of straightening out the national finances and to bear the odium of imposing taxation that will provoke a general howl of protest. The Labor Party, accordingly, is not altogether displeased that the turn of events should allot that function to the Conservatives. It foresees a time, not far distant, when dissatisfaction with a Conservative *regime* will lead many people to say: "Well, any way, things couldn't be worse if we had a Labor Government in power."

It is not unlikely that, for some time longer, there will be much confusion in British politics. There will be groups and alliances of groups, shifting this way and that according as one question or another becomes the main issue. My own forecast is that ultimately the old two-party system will be restored, and that the division will correspond broadly to that between the haves and the have-nots. After all,

every bill introduced or resolution proposed in a legislative chamber demands either an "Aye" or a "No," and when the questions at issue are mainly concerned with social and economic matters public opinion will steadily crystallize itself on two sides on the lines above mentioned. The Conservative banner will attract those Liberals who, like Mr. McKenna, are apprehensive of economic change, while those of a more democratic and socialistic turn will make common cause with Labor in a party that may possibly bear neither the Liberal nor the Labor name.

The Golden Rule

A. B. Hervey

IT is worth while to recall, when we speak of Christian conduct and Christian character, that Jesus gave but one rule for such to his followers. We have named it the "Golden Rule," and it is formulated in these words: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." This is not simply a rule, it is the expression of a universal moral law. "All things whatsoever" in human conduct toward our fellow men are covered by it. There are no exceptions. It is as wide as the human race. Its lines run up and down through all grades of moral, social and intellectual life. It puts its escapeless mandate upon the conduct of the highest toward the lowest and the lowest toward the highest.

This law rests not alone nor fundamentally upon the authority of the Master. He did not make it. He only stated it. He did no more for it than Newton did for the law of gravitation. As the law of gravitation rests upon the nature of matter, so this law rests upon the nature of man. While we do not know what in the nature of matter gives validity to the law of gravitation, we do know what in the nature of man gives validity to the "Golden Rule." It is the fact of the Brotherhood of Man. It can apply only to beings holding that relationship, and it is the only law that can. It is therefore fundamentally the law of Brotherhood. It applies to all men at all times and in all places, because all men everywhere and through all the ages hold that relationship.

There is an indissoluble connection between the Golden Rule and the first sentence in the prayer Jesus taught us in this same discourse: "Our Father who art in Heaven." Every human being has an inalienable right to utter that prayer, no matter what his country, race, or religion. God is the Father of all or of none. The Brotherhood is absolutely universal because the Fatherhood is. For the same reason the law is universal. As the law or force of gravitation touches every atom of matter in the universe, so this moral law touches every human being and puts its binding obligation upon him in every relation in life, in the family or domestic relation, in the social or neighborly relation, in the business or economic relation, in the political and international relation. It applies to friends and enemies alike. When Jesus said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you," he was simply applying the Golden Rule to the most difficult cases in human experience. He allowed no exceptions. To "all things whatsoever" there are no exceptions.

It is interesting to note that the application of this law to human conduct is left to what seems the selfish instinct of the individual mind. In every case I must ask myself, "What would I like this man to do to me?" Is not that a seeming appeal to selfishness? But if it is really so the bane and antidote are wrapped in the same package, for my desire, if it be selfish, is the exact measure of what I must do to him. I can ask no more from him than I am prepared to grant to him. There is very little margin for a real selfish gain in that. But in this as in every other moral law the decision whether it shall be obeyed or not rests in every instance with each individual soul.

Every natural force or law, moral or physical, may be resisted, and for the moment seem to be nullified, but it is never for a moment abolished or put out of action. When a man lifts a heavy weight he resists and overcomes the pull of gravitation. But gravitation never intermits, and in fact its pull is what makes the load heavy. If a man accidentally or voluntarily give up his safe footing on the top of a tall building the force that holds the planets in their courses will not be abolished or for an instant nullified, but will bring him to the ground with broken bones or a broken neck. So the man who does not heed the demands of the Golden Rule, or, as we say, "breaks" the law of the Brotherhood, will in the end of his adventure find himself and not the law "broken."

I often hear it said that nobody lives by the Golden Rule, and I have heard business men say that business could not be carried on under that rule. Now I do not say that anybody in thought, word and deed always abides and acts by that rule, for that would be saying that they had attained a perfection which does not seem possible in this state of being. But I do say that I believe the vast majority of mankind in much the greater part of their lives do, consciously or unconsciously, obey this law. As a fact, if it were not so, human life and what we call civilization would not be possible on this planet. It is not too much to say that all the instinctive or purposeful good that is done in the world is done in conformity to the Golden Rule.

What is all human kindness in word and deed but doing unto others as we would have them do to us? What is justice, what is mercy, what is honest dealing, what is truth speaking, what is charity, what are all kinds of human service, what in truth is even so simple a matter as a cheerful greeting as we meet and pass, but just this? Are we not in all these things and in every other conceivable good which we do "doing unto others as we would have them do to us?" It must be so, for this is the one only law for right conduct in the human Brotherhood.

When a man tells me that business can not be done by the Golden Rule, he impliedly tells me that

he is not an honest dealer, that he does to his neighbor what he would not like to have his neighbor do to him, that is to say, cheat him. I am aware that there is a lot of dishonest business done in the world, but fortunately not enough wholly or generally to destroy the confidence men have in their fellow men and so extinguish credit, which is the foundation of all legitimate business. If nobody believed in the Golden Rule in business there would be no business. If no considerable number did it would be the same. It is because the vast majority do believe in it and follow it that we can have business at all.

On the other hand, I am prepared to say that I believe all the preventable moral evil in the world is wholly due to the fact that all men, less or more, do not live by the Golden Rule. All the evil that comes out of human conduct comes from disregarding or disobeying this law of the Brotherhood. All cruelty, all injustice, all tyranny, all hate, all ill-will, all crimes against person or property, all frauds, all evil speaking, lies, vicious gossip, unkindness in thought, word or deed is a violation of the Golden Rule.

Even infractions of the laws of personal morality in the practise of such vices as drunkenness and gaming are not exceptions, for these vices react harmfully, not only upon the man himself but upon his family and the community. No man has a moral right to do harm even to himself, for we belong to the Brotherhood, and when one member suffers all the members suffer with it.

If employers of labor would openly adopt the Golden Rule in dealing with their employees, as Arthur Nash has done, they would find no difficulty in gaining the co-operation of the men, and all labor troubles would be at an end. If statesmen would found their international policy on this law wars would be no longer possible. Indeed there is no evil traceable to human conduct which would not be cured by obedience to this law of the Brotherhood.

It is, I believe, quite within the truth to say that the whole moral and social progress of the world has been and ever will be the more and more complete conformity of human conduct to the Golden Rule. The whole hope for the betterment of the world lies in this. No matter what art may do, no matter what science and invention may do, human life will be better and happier only as men recognize and live by the Golden Rule.

In as much as this law was formulated by the Founder of the Christian religion it is competent to say that no man has a right to consider himself a follower of Jesus who does not every day and all the time, as best he can, endeavor to live by the Golden Rule in all his relations to his fellow men. His success in that endeavor will be the exact measure of his real Christianity. It is the one only sure test of the genuineness of his religion. Beyond any doubt it is the one God applies to every human creature. It is the only test we have a right to apply when we assume to say a man is or is not a Christian. It is never a question of creed or name. It is always a question of the life tested by the Golden Rule.

Principles and Methods

Vincent E. Tomlinson

IT is unfortunate when those who hold the same principles become divided over questions of method, and still more unfortunate when in differing as to method they charge one another with abandoning their principles. Unless some clear thinking is done this is a situation into which various groups of Universalists will fall over a question, for example, like the so-called "League of Nations." As Universalists we declare our belief in the universal brotherhood of man. We send our missionaries to Japan and agitate a mission to China. We say the unity of the race demands the widest dissemination of truth and love. In this we are agreed, and it is inconceivable that one can be a Universalist and not cherish the hope of the salvation of all the world. Because of our adherence to this principle we succor the unfortunate Armenians, send help to starving Russia, relieve the famine districts of China and even applaud and aid the work of the Friends in Germany. Our truth embraces all the world, our sympathies go out to all the world. We are at one here.

When it comes to methods of political organization we do not see alike.

Some think the millennium would come if America would join the League of Nations, others can not see it that way. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

There is more than one way that the spirit of internationalism can be established. Supposing, instead of the so-called "League of Nations" with the organization that has been proposed for it, the Americas were to get together, and the states of Europe were to compose their differences, and Asia with its various nations find some basis of agreement on common problems, and Australia likewise, and then let us suppose these continental groups through representatives should meet from time to time to discuss world problems and allay irritation between different sections—would not this also be a way to bring about "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world?"

Some of us think it would be a better way than the proposed "League of Nations" way.

We think Worcester can settle its own problems better than some one from Washington can. We think Massachusetts can determine its internal affairs better than South Carolina can do it for us. We think the United States understands its own problems better than Europe does, and *vice versa*. Read Professor Turner's article on "Sections and the Nation" in the October *Yale Review*, and see how our great country with all its diversity maintains its unity. It is possible the world will come to unity in some such way, through sections rather than states, but however that may be, whatever our pet method of international organization, let us be careful that our differences in method do not divide and embitter us or cause us to deny to others of our household of faith loyalty to the great principles of universal brotherhood which our Church has always championed, and must, if it is to be true to its inclusive name.

Modernism in Religion*

DR. STERRETT of All Souls Episcopal Church, Washington, a scholar and a teacher of philosophy, has written a book which above all has the surpassing grace of interest. He has given it the personal touch. As one reads it, one feels as if a man of strong and kindly personality were seeking to help some inquiring pupil rather than to display knowledge.

Dr. Sterrett can see the other fellow's standpoint. "I can see how a man of modern culture may frankly and earnestly worship God in some form of authoritative religion—in any form rather than in none, if he cares to forward the Kingdom of God on earth, which was the master passion of the Master."

But he goes on: "There are multitudes who do not." It is for the university and college-bred men that he writes—those who are "floundering in a state of doubt raised by the new learning"—those for whom the liberal churches of all names ought to hold up a beacon light.

Dr. Sterrett helps both those "alienated from any church" and those "silently protesting conformists within one." He regrets that he is not fitted to deal with what he calls the "more vital question of the alienation of the laboring class from the church."

But one question, Dr. Sterrett wisely thinks, at a time. Nobody can deal successfully with the labor question without a deep religious faith, and Dr. Sterrett gives faith.

"Incurably intellectual," "incurably religious," "a convinced modernist," Dr. Sterrett is fitted to do a work for religious faith.

Members of liberal churches, especially, who are impatient of old forms, ought to read what Dr. Sterrett says of the part old forms play in building faith:

"We should be thankful heirs of all the ages before we can be slaves of none. God *here* and *now* for us, largely because of God there and then.

"We must have the historical spirit and the sense of the organic continuity of developing institutions as forms of nurturing and propagating the idea. This, we shall see, characterized the late modernists in the Church of Rome, and it now does those in the Church of England."

So Dr. Sterrett is not radical or destructive but, like all true modernists, tries to make the old and beautiful grow. The curse of the Church is standing still. Church institutions are especially conservative. He wants to stimulate growth. But the man of the twentieth century who cuts loose altogether from a beautiful and holy past may be as provincial as the man of the sixteenth century or the tenth.

Modernism, Dr. Sterrett tells us, is a word used first by some Jesuits as a term of reproach, and later adopted by Pope Pius X, who defined modernism as "the synthesis of all heresies" and "the adversary of the Church."

Dr. Sterrett says that modernism is distinctly "a religious movement." It is an attempt to bring together the new learning and the old religion. What makes Dr. Sterrett able to do it is that he penetrates through the husks of the old religion to its real nub. The attempt to reconcile the science of Genesis with modern science no longer interests intelligent men. Dr. Sterrett knows that religion does not depend upon the literal accuracy of Genesis or of Jonah. It is the love of God and of man. It is the mind of Christ. There is no difficulty in bringing modern culture into a beautiful harmony with "this old religion."

Dr. Sterrett says that the old creeds are "too antique, bulky and indigestible to swallow." "Modernists within the Church can only swallow the creed whole by giving a symbolical interpretation to some of its clauses which were formerly taken literally. Thus as to Christ's bodily ascension into heaven with flesh and bones, and 'his sitting at the right hand of God,' and the articles, 'I believe in the resurrection of the body,' body meaning flesh—all these are taken symbolically."

"But when I present this view of the duty of reinterpreting old creeds through new conceptions, some men have said, 'But I fear that you are not Orthodox.' 'No, thank God, I am not!' has been my reply. Few indeed are so to-day. I might almost say, I heartily thank my Heavenly Father that He hath called me out of that state of damnation. I might say that I was called into a state of salvation by a return to the conceptions of the early Greek fathers of the Alexandrian school and so relieved from the damnable state of trying to believe what may be called either Orthodoxy or Augustinian theology."

"No finality as to forms of knowledge of it by men in any century can be accepted. . . . Finality means sterility. And a sterile Church can not fructify."

Dr. Sterrett says "no infallible Church or Bible or reason" but that the "word made flesh gives us progressive stages of knowledge." "Let us see Jesus with our own eyes," he says, not simply as the Jews saw him or as the Greeks saw him, and give his message to the men of our day.

Dr. Sterrett is not writing for the modernists who are "merely intellectual," or for the more who are mere worldlings. He consigns them to the care of John the Baptist and of Billy Sunday. He is writing for the modernists who are "incurably religious." He calls on all such to get into the Church and stay in the Church and stand by all modernists who are "trying to give them a living Church."

Especially interesting just now is the chapter on "Polity," in view of the "postponement" by the Episcopal Convention of the plan to join the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

The chapter reveals the difficulty made by the High Churchmen, the efforts of the "Order of the Holy Cross" to take the Episcopal Church back to Rome, the attempt of other Bishops to effect a union with the Eastern Holy Orthodox Church, "oceans and continents and ages apart from Western Christianity," a Church that "stands for a petrified Orthodoxy and a stagnant autocracy." " 'Nothing must be done,'

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*"Modernism in Religion," by J. Macbride Sterrett, D. D., Litt. D., Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the George Washington University; Founder and now Associate Rector of All Souls Memorial Church, Washington, D. C. New York: the Macmillan Company, 1922.

say a minority, 'which shall imperil our efforts toward unity with Rome.' 'Nothing must be done,' say others, . . . 'which shall make impossible union with other Protestant communions.' "

The Catholic Church has too much "polity," or administration, according to Dr. Sterrett, and the Protestant Church has too much doctrine. By doctrine he means teaching, and he shows how the teaching side of the Church is more vital than its polity, but subordinate to its life. He describes the various kinds of teaching in the years of Christian history, and how teaching was put into creeds. He would keep the old creeds without editing or mutilating.

"I would deprecate the total remodeling of a fine old castle into a modern palace. The creeds are works of religious art, and should be preserved intact. Keep them in the services of the church. Put them in the background when you come to the office of admitting new members." He pleads for a simple creed so as to induce adults to join the church, and suggests this tentatively:

> "I believe in the Father of all; and in Jesus the revealer of God and the Saviour of men. I believe in the life-giving spirit, in the fellowship of the children of God, in the forgiveness of sins, the victory of love and the life eternal. Amen."

The most moving and interesting of all his interesting chapters is "A Personal Confession." He tells how he meets the difficulties of a modern city parish with all of its seekers for light. In substance the injunction he lays upon himself and upon others is, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

There has been too much speculation about Jesus. Such speculation kills sometimes the religious spirit. It is a cause of division. Let us get back to Jesus and learn of him.

He urges forcibly the assembling of ourselves together, the use of the Lord's table, week day services of silence and meditation, "the good old way of living much with the Bible and in all ways cultivating the devout life that the peace of God which passeth all human understanding may come and abide with us in all the battle and burden of life."

Dr. Sterrett shows that scholarship, criticism, discrimination, need not make a man less religious, but more.

He does not hesitate to advise the prompt and emphatic rejection of doctrines which stand in the way of religious development, like the dogma of endless punishment—"inconceivably blasphemous," he calls it. "All souls are God's here or hereafter, now and forever—whether home-staying sons or prodigal sons to be drawn back into the Father's house."

There is a chapter on "What Is God Like?" and on "Modern Biblical Criticism," on "Cult, or the Cultivation of Intimacy with God," on "Modernism in the Church of England," and on the Modernism which he says the Pope rather effectively ended in the Roman Catholic Church.

In a separate chapter he pays a beautiful tribute to Father Tyrrell and Abbe Loisy.

Dr. Sterrett has the gift of writing clearly and simply. He takes only 176 pages to tell the story of modernism in religion. It is a story to quicken faith in the progress of mankind. It is cheering to people in small denominations who have been fighting for years for the liberty which Dr. Sterrett takes for himself and helps others to get.

And such a liberal work coming out of the so-called Orthodox Church, written in such a catholic spirit, with ripe scholarship, deep piety, and real courage, ought to put Unitarians and Universalists on their mettle to keep up with the procession. Especially for a Church with the name Universalist to be less progressive, broad, kindly, tolerant and Christ-like than the Churches from which it seceded would indeed be a grim jest. And yet just exactly that sort of thing could happen.

"From ignorance, jealousy, envy and littleness, Good Lord deliver us."

Pierpont Morgan as Senior Warden

X. A. B.

MORE than one liberal minister has had a domineering, dictating, overbearing, conservative vestryman or trustee with whom to deal. Few have dealt with him in the spirit of courage, wisdom and love exhibited by the late Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, in his dealings with J. Pierpont Morgan, Senior.

Advance notices of Dr. Rainsford's Autobiography give portions of the chapter on Mr. Morgan where these things are set down. For one thing, we find that the man who sometimes held the destinies of the country in his hand went to his church with absolute regularity, Sunday morning by Sunday morning, and stood at the church door half an hour or more before the services, "welcoming those whom he knew and those whom he did not know, church members and strangers alike." When the rector collapsed in 1889 and was gone for months, Mr. Morgan held the church together.

An illuminating bit is where Dr. Rainsford repeats the conversation with Mr. Morgan in the latter's study when first called to the pastorate: "I told you I was a radical. I told you I would do all I could to democratize the church. I came because you gave me your hand and your promise to stand by me in the hard work that lay ahead." Few ministers to-day would dare use the good old English word radical; the man who goes to the roots of things, as Rainsford used it with Pierpont Morgan, so twisted from its meaning has it become.

One bad break with Mr. Morgan came over the question of the size of the vestry. It consisted of eight vestrymen and two wardens. Dr. Rainsford had tried without success to convince Mr. Morgan of the necessity of increasing this number in order that the vestry might be more truly representative of the congregation. According to his policy of settling differences with his senior warden "out of school," he was biding his time rather than bring up in the vestry a

matter upon which they were in opposition. But Mr. Morgan's response in this instance was to introduce a motion himself at the next meeting to the effect that the vestry be decreased from eight to six members, and to ask that it be passed without discussion. There followed what Dr. Rainsford describes as "the fight of his life." Mr. Morgan maintained that, whereas Dr. Rainsford's part was to teach the Christian religion to the congregation, the vestry's part was fiduciary, its obligations financial. The rector should be encouraged o democratize the church, but Mr. Morgan did not want the vestry democratized. He wished it to remain a "body of gentlemen whom he could ask to meet him in his study." Dr. Rainsford contended that the main purpose of the vestry was spiritual, and that it should be a democratically representative body. The struggle ended with the rector winning the support of all the other vestrymen, so that Mr. Morgan's motion was defeated by a vote of seven to one, and, bitterly offended, he handed in his resignation at once. For weeks thereafter Dr. Rainsford had need of all his tact and patience to overcome the stubborn hostility of his senior warden and prevail upon him to reconsider his resignation. Only by reminding him of his vow to "stand by" and refusing to accept any retraction of that vow, did the rector win Mr. Morgan back to his support by appealing to his sense of fair play. After that they "never had another falling out."

Mr. Morgan's final capitulation was probably due in great part to "his constant habit of trusting men who did things." He had decided at the beginning of their association that Dr. Rainsford was a man fit to lead, and being the sort of person who "believed more in men than measures," he was willing to trust him far. One feels that both the rector and the senior warden must have derived a great deal of satisfaction and spiritual profit from their co-operation and mutual effort toward the development of their church.

A great love held these two strong-willed men together in spite of wide differences of experience and intellectual conviction.

* * *

WHEN WILL THE NEW CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL BE READY?

Stella Marek Cushing

THIS is a question now being asked by many people because a large number of our schools need new hymnals. There are several reasons why the book has been delayed and the committee feels that it would be well to make a statement now concerning these reasons.

The first plan of the committee was to compile a book of the best available hymns, choosing from many sources, and including only such hymns as seemed best suited to our needs. But the number of really worth-while hymns to be found was so much smaller than would be expected that the need for new material was soon evident.

This is where Mr. Jason Moore of Detroit, Mich., has proved a most valuable help. He has been working with the committee since last June, and has spent a great deal of time arranging old tunes, composing new ones, and choosing desirable poems and setting these to suitable music. This has taken time, but we have a hymnal now made up of many very excellent new songs which can not be found in any other book, and a fair majority of the best familiar hymns.

There have been delays in obtaining copyrights for many hymns, so much correspondence is required for this.

A great deal of time has been and is being spent upon the services, which, we hope, will be better than any previously offered. For almost six months many people have been working to make these services satisfactory

But we are looking forward to presenting the hymnal to you soon. The material for the music is in the printer's hands and we are beginning to receive proofs from him. This is a long process, but it should be encouraging to you, as it is to us, to know that the actual work of publishing has begun. The printer is sure that the book will be ready for you by Feb. 1, 1923. As time goes, that is not so very far ahead, and we are sure, if you are ready for new books now, that you will feel repaid if you wait until this one is ready.

One thing we lack is a name for the book, as we want a title that will help to make the publication attractive. Many have been suggested, but none seem to be just right, so we are asking you to send us your suggestions, and we need them at once.

What Shall We Name the New Book?

It is a book of hymns, songs and services for young people in church schools, in young people's meetings anywhere, in churches, schools or colleges.

What shall we call it? Send us your suggestion immediately.

75 *Newport St., Arlington, Mass.*

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Patience

I SOUGHT to clothe myself in White Raiment, and I essayed to put on a Clean Shirt.

Now the manner of the coming of Laundry from the place where they wash and starch and ossify it is this, that the Shirts are fastened, each with many Pins, so that however industrious a man shall be, there yet is good hope that one Pin shall remain in and stick him; and the Button Holes are Cemented together so as nothing much more mild than Dynamite can open them. And as I wrought with one of the Button Holes, laying down a Barrage and seeking to carry it by storm, behold, the Collar Button slipped from my fingers, and rolled I knew not whither.

And I sought for it in every corner of the room, and I moved more of the articles of furniture and I found it not.

And when I found it not, I improvised a few remarks which I thought suitable unto the Occasion.

And Keturah spake unto me, saying, My lord, thou hast some virtues and a few graces, but Patience is not among them.

And I said, Patience is the virtue of donkeys.

And Keturah said, It is also the virtue of wives whose husbands fret and storm when they lose their Collar Buttons.

And I said, Patience is a much over-rated quality. This world did never get very far along until some man arrived with the virtue of Impatience.

And Keturah said, I do not see anything arriving as a result of thy present Impatience; but if thou wilt make less virtuous thine own Impatience, thou mayest look exactly in the middle of the floor, and there shalt thou behold thy Collar Button, all this time in plain sight.

Now I might have been impatient with her for not telling me sooner, but I am too good a sport for that. And I said,

Keturah, every impatient man should have a patient wife.

And she said, It is worse than that; she *must* be patient.

But, said I, it were a mistake if we were both patient. For there is no reason why one family should seek to monopolize the patience of the world.

And she said, It would be safe for thee to add a little to thine investment in Patience.

And I said, Keturah, thou art mistaken. The walls of Jericho had been standing until this day if Joshua had been a man of Patience. If George Washington had been a man of Patience, then had Warren Harding been a great-great-grandson of George III. The world doth never get far along until some man becometh impatient; then things begin to occur.

And she said, Where dost thou come into that list?

And I said, As soon as I knew thee, I was impatient till I got thee.

And she said, That being the case, I will forgive thee for thine Impatience. Almost thou persuadest me that Impatience is a virtue.

* * *

KENTUCKY STATE CONVENTION

The Rev. Thomas Chapman

The Kentucky Universalist Convention met with our Consolation Church, Oct. 19-22. In a number of ways it was a notable gathering. The delegations from the churches were large, the local interest and attendance were especially good, and the business of the session was put through in fine shape.

The one measure adopted at this Convention which will mean most for the future of the Kentucky work, was a recommendation directing the Executive Board to employ two ministers to serve the group of churches located in the western part of the state. For some time this has been an imperative need. One minister has been dividing his time between seven churches, and it has been impossible for him to do a really satisfactory work at either place. Now the task is to be divided between two ministers. Hopkinsville, which should have a minister all of the time, will in the future have one at least half of the time.

Reports from the churches, the Sunday schools, and the State Superintendent indicated progress. A creditable number of accessions were made to the membership of most churches and Sunday schools. While the Superintendent, because of physical disability, had been unable to do his accustomed amount of work, valuable assistance had been obtained from other states. Dr. Tomlinson of Massachusetts, the Rev. George A. Gay of Tennessee, and the Rev. A. W. McDavitt of Wisconsin rendered valuable aid, supplementing the labors of the local minister.

On Sunday, the last day of the Convention, the new Consolation church building was dedicated free of debt. Not many readers of this letter may know that this is the oldest church organization west of New York state, having been constituted in May, 1819. One hundred and three years have passed since a few truth-loving men and women banded themselves together, in a crude log building, as a Universalist church. The commodious new church just dedicated is the third building erected by the organization. The dedication was a great occasion. About one thousand people were gathered in and around the edifice when the hour for the service arrived. The dedicatory service was impressive. The Rev. J. M. Rasnake of Georgia read the Scripture lesson, and the Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., of Massachusetts preached the sermon, which was a most timely and convincing message. This was followed by raising almost $700 to clear the new church of debt, Dr. Huntley making the appeal. The prayer of dedication was given by the retiring

pastor, the Rev. Thomas Chapman, who also led the congregation in the sentence of dedication.

Following these services dinner was served to this vast concourse of people on the church grounds. There was enough food and to spare. The people went away having received food to nourish their bodies and souls.

The Kentucky Convention is greatly indebted to Dr. Huntley for the valuable assistance he gave during this session. Coming to us as a representative of the General Sunday School Association and of the General Convention, his counsel was sane and timely, while his messages were inspiring.

The Rev. J. M. Rasnake was also an important factor in the business and the spiritual uplift of the session. At one time the pastor of this and other Kentucky churches, he has in the state a large number of friends and admirers. The messages he brought were heard with profound interest.

And Miss Susan B. Andrews, Field Secretary of the Women's National Missionary Association, was in no sense secondary in the work of the Convention. Her mission to the women of the denomination is a most important one, and she is fully competent to fulfil that mission. While the work of the Kentucky Convention was in progress, Miss Andrews was called to the platform more than once, thus giving her an opportunity to present to our people the plans and purposes of the Association, and she did much in opening the way for more efficient labors in the future. We believe the women of the state will be heard from more and more.

* * *

GENERAL EDWARDS TO BE CHAIRMAN CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE

Major General Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., has accepted the chairmanship of the Health Seal Sale in Massachusetts the coming Christmas season. In this he is aided by a committee of influential men and women representing all sections of the state.

The Christmas Health Seal Sale is conducted by the many local public health associations in Massachusetts advised by the Massachusetts Tuberculosis League, which is the federation of these societies, and thirty million seals will be ready in December for the renewed expression of the people of the state of their interest in better health. The Health Seal is the most democratic expression of interest on record, in that the seals may be purchased in the smallest quantities, and every man, woman and child may be a helper.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

"I THANK THEE"

O Thou who through unquiet days
Hast guided me by winding ways,
Whom, in the dark that veiled Thy smile,
I ever loved through all life's while,
I thank Thee for the good concealed
In ill, the joy which grief doth yield.

I thank Thee that, though still unwon
The race in which I long have run,
Though all my striving has been vain
To reach the heights I yearned to gain,
Yet, spite of hindrances which came,
I have unlowered held my aim.
That never have I lost the zest
For struggle, or renounced the quest.

Yea, even for the gusts of doubt
Which kept my faith from fading out
Into pale cinders, dull and dead,
I thank Thee! that, since shadows spread
Around me, hiding from my sight
The unknown future's peaks of light,
I have clung closer to the Hand
Which led by paths I had not planned.

Effie Smith, in Zion's Herald.

A BARNACLE AT BARGAINS

"OH, Aunt Hepsy!" began Lucy from halfway up the stairs; and then, flushed and fluttering, she stopped and dabbed her duster at the banisters, a charming picture of maidenly confusion.

"Well, Aunt Hepsy what?" demanded Miss Blount, pausing on her way to the sitting room. "Speak out, child. Don't stand there gaping like a chicken with the pip."

"I was wondering," stammered Lucy.

"I suppose I've got to sit down to it, cold as it is out here in the hall," answered Aunt Hepsy as she resignedly dropped into the rush bottomed chair. "Now go ahead and wonder, if you've got a tongue in your head to do it with. I'm thankful to say that I've owned a tongue and known how to use it from the time I was born."

"I was wondering whether we could ask John Barstow to Thanksgiving dinner," finished Lucy with a rush. "He's a stranger in town, and I thought maybe he'd be lonely on Thanksgiving Day."

Miss Blount eyed Lucy keenly. "John Barstow? He's the young man that boards to Stone's and that walked home from prayer meeting with you last Wednesday? A very proper-appearing young man! He lifted his hat clear off his head to me on Main Street yesterday."

"Oh, may I ask him?" cried Lucy.

Aunt Hepsy gave a dry chuckle. "Ask him if you want to, but all he'll get'll be boiled potatoes and picked-up codfish, same as every Thursday. There isn't going to be any Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, Aunt Hepsy!"

"Now, there's no use arguing the matter, for, thank goodness! I know my own mind once I've made it up. All I have to be grateful for I've returned thanks for over'n' over again; all I have new is troubles, and so I've decided to give this Thanksgiving Day the go-by. I'm not even going to church."

"I am," answered Lucy, with shining eyes. "I'm thankful for piles of things."

"What?" demanded Miss Blount.

"I'm thankful for you."

"That's all right. I'm glad you're here, but you've been here five years. Why should I go down on my knees about you any more than because I've got a well to drink out of?"

"I'm thankful for my home."

"I'm not," said Miss Blount calmly. "It's as unconvenient as any house could be. I've always wanted to gad about the world, so why should I be grateful for being cooped up in a place like this, hot in summer and cold in winter? What else are you grateful for?"

"For being well," answered Lucy.

"I'm too used to that to stop to give thanks for it What else?"

Lucy laughed. "I can't keep setting up ninepins for you to knock down, but I'm thankful all the same. I'm thankful for everything. I'm thankful I'm alive."

"You're young and can be," answered Miss Blount grimly. "I'm gettin' on, and I ain't so joyous over just drawing in breaths. There's no use talking. I'm not thankful this year, and I won't act as if I was. I'm not a hypocrite, I'm thankful to say."

A soft light of laughter danced in Lucy's hazel eyes. "I've been talking to you just four minutes, Aunt Hepsy, and in that four minutes you've said you're thankful three times."

"I don't know what you mean," said Hepzibah Blount.

"You said you were thankful for a tongue and for knowing your own mind and for not being a hypocrite. You're thankful for things dozens of times a day, Aunt Hepsy."

"I'm not."

"You say so, anyhow."

"Nonsense! I guess I know what I say. I've got my senses, thank—"

She stopped short at Lucy's mocking finger.

"You see!" cried the girl, laughing.

Aunt Hepsy rose. "Well, if I'm foolish enough to say what I don't feel, it's high time I broke myself of the habit. If between now and supper time I say anything about being grateful even as much as *one* dozen times, you can stop on your way to prayer meeting to-night and order the best turkey you can find and I'll cook it to-morrow, and you can ask all the young men in town to eat it if you want to."

"And I'll make the pies to-day!"

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched. I'm a barnacle at bargains. But make the pies if you like; they'll keep till Sunday."

"We'll eat them to-morrow. And I'll ask only e young man."

"Don't build up any foolish hopes, Lucy," said nt Hepsy. "You know when I say a thing I do it. I've got a bad habit I didn't know I had, I'll break yself of it. I'm not in my dotage yet, thank—"

"Once!" cried Lucy joyously.

Miss Hepsy smiled grimly in spite of herself. ou go on now and red up the sitting room; you're ryer than I am and won't mind the cold room, and l go into the kitchen and make those Sunday pies yself. You can't beat me on pie crust yet, I'm ankful to say."

"Twice!" counted Lucy; and Aunt Hepsy grunted.

"If I've got to keep my tongue between my teeth l day, it's just as well for you and me to work in parate rooms."

"That isn't fair," protested Lucy.

"It's fair enough," declared Miss Blount. "I'm t bound to put temptation in my own way, am I? ut I'll play fair. If I find any swelling cause for atitude in the flour barrel or the oven, I promise to ll you. You can lay a fire in the sitting room, for our young man might drop in to-night even if he on't eat here to-morrow."

"All right," agreed Lucy. "We'll burn one to-ight and one to-morrow. May I make some cran-erry sauce—for Sunday?"

"If you want to," answered Aunt Hepsy, and ent into the kitchen.

"I suppose Lucy'd say we might be thankful r a fire," she thought, "when there's folks that have go cold. But I never could count things that way. m through being thankful just for a kitchen stove hen I'd like a silk dress and an electric toaster and journey to South America."

Miss Blount made the pies for which she was amous and baked them to a turn. They were cooling n the buttery and she was knitting when Lucy came nto the kitchen to make her cranberry sauce.

"Did your pies turn out well, Aunt Hepsy?" ucy asked.

"Of course they did, and if you think I'm going o say I'm thankful for that, you're mistaken. It's ust like that philopena you think you're so smart at, ut you haven't got all the Blount smartness, thank—"

"Three times," said Lucy, kissing her aunt.

"I didn't get it out. But count it if you want to; t'll be the last chance you'll get. I'll keep my mouth hut after this."

And she did. In spite of Lucy's most subtle raps, Miss Blount opened her mouth only to eat her uncheon. Lucy looked decidedly sober as she cleared way the luncheon dishes. There were only six hours eft before supper, and three of them Lucy must spend vith the Ladies' Aid. Aunt Hepsy never went to he meetings any more—a fact that cut the available ime in half. If only she could be coaxed to go this fternoon! In her eagerness, Lucy swung round so uickly from the sink that she sent two plates rolling o the floor.

"Land sakes!" Miss Hepsy cried. "That's your reat-grandmother's plate. Much as ever it isn't roken. Well, it isn't, thank—no, I didn't say it; ou can break all the plates for all I care."

"You did say it!" exclaimed Lucy. "That's four times. Aunt Hepsy, won't you come to the Ladies' Aid this afternoon?"

Miss Blount smiled. "Think you'll get me talking and reeling off the dozen like lightning, do you? I'm not going out this afternoon; it's too cold. I'm going to light the fire in the sitting room and sit by it and knit."

"They miss you at the Ladies' Aid," said Lucy wistfully. "Nobody can cut out like you; Mrs. Powell said so last time."

"I'm thankful some one knows I'm alive," answered Aunt Hepsy, and did not know she had said it until Lucy counted, "Five." Then she shut her lips with a determined snap, and it was the last word Lucy could get out of her except a good-by when she went away.

Quite content with her unthankful state of mind, Miss Blount knitted peacefully and tended the sitting-room fire for two hours before she found to her annoyance that she had not enough yarn to finish the sock.

"There's nothing for it now but for me to put on my warm blue homespun and go down town myself for it. I can't be all day Thanksgiving Day with no knitting. I declare, I hate to leave this fire just as it's getting a good bed of coals. It's cold as Greenland out."

Her bedroom felt so much like Greenland after the tropics of the bed of coals that Miss Blount shivered all the time she was dressing.

"I believe I'll go up attic and get down my winter cloak," she decided; and up the attic stairs she creaked.

Her cloak, carefully done up with camphor in a linen sheet, was hanging by a short rope high on an attic beam. Miss Blount jerked at it once or twice, but, failing to dislodge it, she got a little wooden cricket that lay under the eaves and placed it beneath the cloak nail. Then she stepped up, stretched for the cloak and lost her balance. As her foot slipped, the wooden stool turned over and went skidding back on its face under the eaves. Miss Hepsy was only saved from falling by the fact that the tight cuff of her stout homespun dress caught on the nail that held the cloak.

"Thank goodness, I didn't get a bad fall!" she exclaimed as her toes touched the floor and she swung half round, and then muttered, "I suppose I've got to let Lucy count that in the score. Now, what's the matter? I can't undo this pesky cuff. This is a pretty kettle of fish. I'm hung in my own attic."

That was about the truth of it. Her arm, stretched high above her head, was held fast; her toes barely touched the floor; the footstool was far away, and without it she could not raise herself to disengage the sleeve; she could not reach her left hand with her right; she could not tear the strong stuff of her dress; she could not jerk out the nail. She tried all of those things one after another, but succeeded only in wrenching her pinioned arm.

So she settled down to wait for help. Lucy would be home in half an hour, and Lucy would look her up. It was painful work standing stretched on tiptoe minute after minute. The attic was as cold as outdoors, and soon Aunt Hepsy's teeth began to chatter.

As minute followed minute Miss Hepsy became desperate; she was beginning to feel faint and confused. She tried once more to jerk herself free, but the nail hurt her wrist so badly that she desisted. Would Lucy never come!

Hours and weeks and months went by according to Miss Hepsy's count as she stood hooked to the ceiling; there was time enough to go over her past and look into her future before she heard the front door slam.

"That's the best sound I ever heard!" grunted Miss Blount. "I couldn't have stood it much longer. Lucy!"

Lucy was too far away to hear the faint call, but she was on the trail. Miss Blount's listening ears followed the girl from room to room on the first floor, up the stairs, through the second floor until she stopped at the attic door.

"Lucy!" called Miss Blount again.

"For pity's sake!" Lucy exclaimed, and came pattering up the narrow staircase, with her lamp. "Where are you, Aunt Hepsy?"

"I'm here. I'm caught. I've been here years," answered Miss Hepsy. "I suppose you think this is something else to be thankful for. Give me that cricket so's I can get down."

With another exclamation Lucy brought the footstool. Miss Blount tried to step up on it, but the effort brought so much weight on her arm that she gave it up with a groan.

"John Barstow's downstairs!" Lucy cried. "I'll call him. Hold on one minute more."

The girl sped down the staircase, and her tremulous voice called, "John, come quick!"

He came almost before she had finished speaking and raced with her up to the attic.

"All right, Miss Blount!" he called. "We will have you down in no time! Let me get hold of you. There! Now, Lucy, when I lift her, you slip that stool under her feet. That's it!"

"Thank goodness for a man!" murmured Miss Blount; and Lucy, in spite of her agitation, counted, "Six."

"Now you're free," said John Barstow. "Let your arm come down gently. Sit still a minute till you get your head. You're like an iceberg. Can you walk downstairs to the fire?"

"Of course I can," said Aunt Hepsy; "anything but stand still any longer." She looked at the clock as they passed. "Ten minutes to six? It seems to be ticking, but it must have stopped. It was twenty-five minutes to six when I went up attic, and I've been there an hour at least."

"It must have seemed a year," agreed Lucy.

"You'll never make me believe it was only fifteen minutes. If you'll take pot luck, Mr. Barstow, I'd be pleased to have you stay to supper."

Miss Hepsy thought she would get supper; but when John Barstow had built up the fire in the sitting room and rolled the couch in front of it she was glad enough to lie down and let Lucy tuck her in under the red-and-brown afghan.

She lay there while John and Lucy got supper in the kitchen. They had left the door open that they might hear her if she called. She did not call, but her keen ears caught a good deal of their chatter. "I suppose this is where I lose a dinner to-morrow," John said.

"I'm afraid it is!"" sighed Lucy, "Aunt Hepsy has only said six 'Thank yous,' and I can't go at her now to pry out the other six before supper, can I?"

"It would be a good deal like hitting a man when he's down," agreed John Barstow ruefully. "And you couldn't expect her to feel very grateful after this."

"No," answered Lucy, "and she's like a barnacle at a bargain. She'd never give in even if she wanted to. Most likely she asked you to supper because she wouldn't ask you to dinner to-morrow."

"We'll make the most of the supper, any way."

When, a moment later, John peeped into the sitting room to see whether Miss Blount was comfortable, she was sitting upright.

"Tell Lucy to come here," she said.

Lucy came hurrying; John Barstow lingered in the background.

"Don't you feel well, Aunt Hepsy?" the girl asked anxiously.

"I'm going to tell you about my feelings," said her aunt. "You can listen, too, John Barstow. I'm thankful for my home; I'm thankful for my health and strength; I'm thankful for life itself; I'm thankful for a niece that loves me enough to look me up when she doesn't find me; I'm thankful for a man's strength and gumption that got me out of a fix. That's five thanksgivings, isn't it, and with the one that I gave while you were away you've all you need to make out your toll. I could give more if I didn't hate to keep supper waiting."

"Oh, Aunt Hepsy!" cried Lucy, with her arms around her.

"There now don't go to squeezing my arm! I was always one for being honest, and I'm free to confess that things look different to me now after hanging on a peg all the afternoon. I'm ready to go down on my knees to-morrow—if I wait as long as that—and thank the Lord for all the common things He's been sending me over'n' over for fifty years. And I guess I'll never be too busy or too stiff to say 'Thank you' for 'em as long as He chooses to send 'em."

"Oh, Aunt Hepsy!" said Lucy again, as she kissed Miss Blount's cheek.

"There, child, don't take to being affectionate before folks. Set the table in here by the fire and we'll have supper."

"Does all this mean I'm asked to dinner to-morrow?" demanded John Barstow.

"I guess it does," answered Aunt Hepsy, with a twinkle. "It was a bargain, and I'm a barnacle when it comes to bargains. Lucky the pies and cranberry sauce are ready! After supper you can go down to buy the turkey. I'm thankful to say I'm able to cook it."

"So am I," answered John.

The two young people laid the table by the fire. When they had taken their places, Miss Hepsy suddenly bent her head for grace.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for a day for giving thanks," she said, with all her old abruptness. She looked up and smiled.—*Helen Ward Banks, in Youth's Companion.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

WORTH REMEMBERING

"No one has money enough to purchase mmunity from personal Christian ser-ce."—*J. Campbell White.*

* *

OURNEYING IN THE SOUTHLAND

Ever since my ten days among our Ken-cky Universalists last spring I have oked forward to the time when I might sit them again, hardly expecting that it as to come so soon. But, as good fortune ould have it, their convention was heduled for the week preceding similar atherings in Florida and Alabama. As I as to attend these it was a simple matter arrange to be present at this earlier eeting.

Last May a great pile of lumber on the te of the old church at Consolation was e only indication of the splendid new ilding in which the convention was held vo weeks ago. Workmen built the church ome of them Universalists, by the way, ho *gave* their time; another, who was id, putting fifty cents of every dollar rned back into the Building Fund!), but e women have done much toward making e building possible.

Living out in the open country, the sual schemes for securing funds are denied em. One afternoon, however, a group women drove several miles, stopping at ch farm house soliciting, not money but ens! Upon announcing that their request as in the interest of the new church build-g no person refused the contribution sked for.

The women laughingly told of their pearance as the "feathered flock" in-eased and of their great joy at the end the day when they had sold every one d a goodly sum had been added to their rnings.

In the spring it was the women who ared in the task of clearing the land be-re the building was begun; later it was ey who helped with the interior furnish-g. When certain delays held up the mpletion of the building until a few hours efore the Convention opened, again the omen came to the rescue. Together hey removed interior scaffolding, cleaned oors, woodwork and windows, making verything ready, both inside and out, for e opening session.

Four new Mission Circles had been or-anized in as many places during my visit Kentucky last May. Representatives om each were present at the convention, the morning program on October 1st was divided, some forty women going ver to the schoolhouse, where we held a issionary conference. Every one became o interested in the subject that dinner was uite forgotten. It was suddenly brought mind by the appearance of a represent-tive from the men's meeting who had been commissioned to say that even though the women might have reached the point where they cared naught for material food—such was not the case with the men!

Other opportunities for sounding the missionary note were granted and by 1923, when the five local Circles will have had a full year in which to function, we shall look to the organization of a state association.

Sunday, Oct. 22, was a notable day for this community. After the regular service and the dedication of the new building came the serving of dinner out of doors. Crowds of people, numbering at least a thousand, had come from far and near, on foot, on horseback, on every variety of two or four wheeled vehicle known to man.

I wish certain of our women who sometimes complain when asked to donate a pie or cake for the church might have seen the unloading of those great boxes, baskets and even *trunks* of food, one woman being responsible, in almost every case, for the contents thereof. Just as each new experience alters our conception of things, so my mental picture of a "large amount" of food has undergone a remarkable change since this gathering.

True Southern hospitality was accorded each one there and the two representatives from "up North" counted it a privilege to be with these loyal Universalists on this significant occasion.

Susan M. Andrews.

Pensacola, Fla.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

A NEW KENTUCKY HOME

Consolation is the name, not of a village, but of a church. A hundred and two years, ago an itinerant preacher named Lowe, forerunner if not forebear of our honored General Superintendent, found eager listeners in western Kentucky when he proclaimed the doctrines of God's all-embracing love and His final victory in every soul. In a rich farming section, about eight miles from Crofton, some of his converts founded a church, gave it a highly appropriate name, and so industriously proclaimed their faith that Universalism became the prevailing doctrine of the district. Rev. Joab Clark and other eloquent men followed him in service.

The fourth church building was dedicated at the session of the Kentucky Convention held on Oct. 19, 20, 21 and 22, an attractive structure with a good auditorium and two extra class rooms.

The Kentucky Convention was filled with enthusiasm and joy. Rev. Thomas Chapman, the beloved State Superintendent and pastor, soon to go to Ohio, was the directing genius, being well supported by men and women of ideas and aggressive spirit from all the parishes of the state. The president, Mr. George M. Clark, a prosperous miller of Hopkinsville, would be recognized anywhere as a layman of unusual gifts; Mr. Carl Williams is a younger man of fine promise; other workers have good power of leadership.

The Convention voted to double the ministerial force in the state and to engage in aggressive missionary work. As showing its special wisdom, it went on record as supporting the new State Sunday School Association in all of its enterprises. I hear that the Executive Board is planning to furnish Teacher Training books for the various Sunday schools—I mean the Executive Board of the State Convention. There is vision in Kentucky, isn't there?

Our Sunday School Association is only a yearling, but is making a good start. The desire to do is strong and that is a prophecy that something will be done. In particular we may look for one or two new schools during the coming year and, of course, the improvement of all those now existing. Mrs. Olive Rogers, of Hopkinsville, is the president, Mrs. Alice Rogers of Crofton is the vice-president and Miss Maggie Clask of Crofton Consolation Church, is the secretary and treasurer. No one could have asked a more respectful or responsive hearing than I received on the several occasions when I presented the plans of the General Association.

Miss Susan Andrews attended the Kentucky Convention. I want to say to the officers of the Women's National Missionary Association that they were wise and fortunate when they engaged this field worker. She is a wonderful woman; she wins every time and with all sorts of people. Rev. J. M. Rasnake of Georgia was also present and did fine work for the Kingdom.

I myself was general utility man and enjoyed it. Eleven short talks, long talks, addresses and sermons—patient people are those Kentuckians. I perspired the most and perhaps was happiest at our final service on Sunday, when three hundred and fifty people were crowded into the church, as many more gathered around the doors and windows and enough to make up a thousand stood on the lawns. After preaching the dedicatory sermon, I was allowed to wage battle for an hour and a quarter against the $600 debt on the new church. The good people had already sacrificed to what seemed the limit, but they rallied gloriously and at the end we had raised $650 and had more in sight. So we dedicated a complete church.

Two new ministers are needed in Kentucky. They will be fortunate men.

G. E. H.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Nov. 19. Morning, Goddard Chapel, Tufts College. Evening, Milford, Mass.

Nov. 26. Evening, Medford Hillside, Mass.

Dec. 1-3. New York Y. P. C. U. Convention, Cortland.

Dec. 8-10. Sunburst, N. C.

Dec. 17. Baltimore, Md.

* *

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY

A good meal and good religion are not always unrelated. During a Northeastern Wisconsin Teachers' Association meeting in Oshkosh the ladies of St. John's Universalist Church served meals that were worth more than was charged. As one of the young ladies was leaving the church she turned to her companion and remarked, "Well, Universalists may not be orthodox, but they serve a good Christian supper." That has been my experience, in Maine and Florida and Oregon and in many states between. Somehow Universalist women seem to put their faith in plenty of good things in store for all into what comes from their church and home kitchens. I am not sure that every Universalist woman is a good cook; there are a few with whose culinary achievements I am not acquainted, but in spite of these omissions, I am willing to write a letter of recommendation and let the names be filled in from the church records of any of our parishes.

Once upon a time Elijah's life was saved by an angel who baked a cake for him, and at the same time, I think, the angel saved the prophet's soul, for he was spiritually down and out at the time. That angel must have been a Universalist.

Many times since then a good square meal has been an aid to real religion, although there are still some who set the physical over against the spiritual as though they were contrary the one to the other. Some months ago I attended a Y. P. C. U. supper in one of our churches, after which the little company went to another room for the evening's program. After it was all over a lady, a member of another church, came to me and said, "I was glad to come to this part of your meeting, but I couldn't come to the other part." I expressed my regret, and she replied, "No, I couldn't have done it; it wouldn't have been right." And then it developed that she thought we were desecrating God's house by eating there. I have tried to eat some church suppers, not Universalist, that would have desecrated any house, but that was not one of them.

Nor was the annual banquet of the Maine State Y. P. C. U. served by the good women of the Augusta parish last Friday night. The hundred and fifty people who sat at the tables were better Universalists and better Christians because of it. There was plenty of food and fun and fellowship, and down beneath the surface there was faith. For no young people's society, or old people's for that matter, can long endure if based on nothing but enthusiasm, or what young people call "pep."

But neither, on the other hand, let any one imagine that we shall have religion enough to save our souls if it is so divorced from real life that a church supper will seem a sacrilege. The young people of Maine, and of the other states, are building the Church of to-morrow and preparing themselves for its work by a judicious mingling of fun, fellowship and faith, and only where these are found in approximately right proportions, are the young people and the church in the way of salvation that leadeth unto life.

* *

WAR—AND CIGARETTES

I have just been watching a girl smoking a cigarette. It wasn't a bit nice to do that when she didn't know she was being observed, but if she had known, the observation would have been worthless for scientific purposes. From personal experience I do not know how a cigarette ought to be smoked, but I have watched as many as seven people, male and female, doing it, and I think I know about as much of its technique as the average scientific observer does of the animal he is watching in its cage.

There are as many different ways in which a cigarette can be smoked as there are ways of eating chicken pie, and the observer can judge with some accuracy of the state of mind and body of the observed in each case.

The first female of the species that I ever saw smoking a cigarette was on the platform of an excursion train returning from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs in 1915. She was really smoking, inhaling the smoke as if she enjoyed it, and apparently she was the kind of a person one would expect to enjoy it.

The girl I have just been watching held her fag in her fingers more than nine-tenths of the time, taking it between her lips only for a few seconds four or five times before it was burned out. She would draw just enough smoke into her mouth so that it would make a pretty little puff when she blew it out, and she played with it like a child blowing bubbles. She didn't want to smoke, and she didn't enjoy it. She played with the cigarette and its smoke, just because she thought it was smart. I can imagine she might do it sometimes just because she supposed it would shock her elders. And perhaps her elders would be properly shocked, and then her smoking would have accomplished its purpose.

The smoking of cigarettes is just like building battleships and maintaining standing armies. Most people do it just because they think it's smart, and perhaps because it may shock some one. At least it will attract attention, and we can stand almost anything better than to be unnoticed. And to be considered a mollycoddle is worst of all.

Elbert Hubbard once said that as long as men thought war was right it would continue; and that as long as they thought it was merely wrong it would continue, but when they saw that war was ridiculous, it would cease.

The smoking of cigarettes is like war.

Stanley Manning.

For the Quiet Hour

There is nothing like faith to help at a pinch; faith dissolves doubts as the sun drives away the mists. And that you may not be put out, know your time, as I said, of believing always. There are times when some graces may be out of use, but there is no time wherein faith can be said to be so; wherefore faith must be always in exercise.

John Bunyan.

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Thomas Chalmers.

"Blessed are the merciful," that is, those persons who do not take to heart any injuries that are done them, any insults, intended or unintended. So until we leave off sinning, we must never talk of not forgiving other people, for we shall need forgiveness for ourselves.

C. H. Spurgeon.

You can help your fellow men. You must help your fellow men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.

Phillips Brooks.

You can not always walk upon the mountains. You can not feel like singing all the time. We are so strangely wrought of soul and body that such exultancies are sure to pass. It is sweet to pray when the gates of heaven are open. It is sweet to serve when every one is grateful. But I will tell you something that is not so sweet, and yet may be worthier in the sight of God—it is to pray when the heavens are as brass; it is to serve when nobody is grateful; it is to do one's work, and do it well, though there is not a star in all the sky; that is the way into strength of character; that is the avenue to inward peace; that is how men, victorious over moods, come to discover Christ upon the shore.

G. H. Morrison.

Among Our Churches

Mid-West Letter

During October State Conventions were held in Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Without exception these Conventions were the most enthusiastic of any within recent years. The Indiana Convention was held in the beautiful new church in Oaklandon. Excellent reports were given from all departments. Emory P. Ross, of Aurora, was elected president, taking the place of John F. Clifford, who has served as president for many years. Fine addresses were given by Dr. Harold Marshall, of our Publishing House, and Rev. Hannah Powell of North Carolina. Others who spoke were Rev. E. V. Stevens, late of North Olmstead (now living in Indianapolis), the representative of our Western Headquarters, Miss Louisa Magraw, and the writer. The Illinois Convention was better than I have ever known. All meetings were full of enthusiasm, and by far the best reports for many years were brought in from all departments. All quotas were reported paid in full, and all churches made offerings for Japan. Rev. Frank D. Adams was elected president, taking the place of Mr. F. A. Nichols, who has so ably filled the position for years. Dr. Lowe and Dr. Marshall were present, with inspiring messages. The Minnesota Convention was held in Rochester, Rev. Ernest M. W. Smith, pastor. The president, Hon. William P. Roberts, was on hand with his usual genial smile, to conduct the business, and was again elected president, a position he has occupied for perhaps a longer period than any man in our denomination. Both Dr. Lowe and Rev. Hannah Powell made most inspiring addresses, and after I left Stanley Manning came to speak to the Young People—giving out some of his usual "sunshine" for the boys and girls who were fortunate enough to hear. The Wisconsin Convention was held in Wausau. Judge A. H. Reid felt he could not continue longer as president, and Mr. Harry A. Price of Markesan was elected. This was a delightful convention, full of "pep" and prophetic of a successful year. Drs. Lowe and Brigham were the special speakers, and thrilled all who heard. The Michigan Convention was held in Concord, Rev. Wm. Couden, pastor. This was about the finest convention I have attended. Good audiences, and great interest shown in every service and at all sessions of convention business. When I arrived one of the first faces I beheld was that of Stanley Manning. I don't seem ever to miss this "bird" of passage, when I attend any Universalist "doings" at any place. In fact he was at the Indiana State Convention previously mentioned, and I was about to leave him out. In fact, I hope I never will miss him. "Stan" is always around wherever anything for the good of our Church happens to be going on. May he live and thrive for the next fifty years, anyhow. Of course I have just hinted at the things done at the State Conventions. Space forbids that I say more here. * * I want a young man to preach at Stoughton and Mukwonago, Wis., and must have him soon. Not a novice, but a young preacher who can "deliver the goods." He must divide his time between the two churches. Wonderful opportunity for building up strong churches at both places. Salary will be $1800. Write me if you mean business, but do not write unless you do. * * **Markesan, Wis.**—This church is gaining under the ministry of Rev. Merton L. Aldridge. A class of young men has just been received into the church. Fine. * * **Osage, Iowa.**—Rev. Edward A. Lewis, of Kent, Ohio, has just taken charge here. He comes for a "period of service," perhaps for a permanent pastorate. Rev. A. W. Altenbern has gone to Junction City, Kan. * * **Waterloo, Iowa.**—This church has recently held a "booster" meeting, and desires a series of special "evangelistic" meetings, which the Mid-West Superintendent hopes to conduct in the latter part of the winter, or early spring. Rev. Otto S. Raspe is "carrying on" in wonderful style and is popular with the people. * * Rev. John S. Cook has resigned from Le Roy, Ill., and is now doing most excellent work among our southern Illinois churches, having recently held meetings in Hutsonville, Sangamon, Casey, Rose Hill, and some other points. Dr. Cook knows that field as no other living man, and is greatly loved by all our people in that section. He recently ordained Rev. Armon Cheek, at Hutsonville, where Mr. Cheek is pastor. I am arranging a "tour" of Southern Illinois, beginning Dec. 3. Dr. Cook is giving much assistance in planning my "slate" there. * * Rev. Chas. H. Vail has moved from St. Paul, Minn., and become pastor at Auburn, N. Y. Rev. R. H. Aldrich of Minneapolis has preached two Sundays in St. Paul, since Dr. Vail left the city. Rev. Laura Bowman Galer of Mount Pleasant, Ia., preached in the St. Paul church on Sunday morning, Nov. 5. Mrs. Galer won the hearts of the people, and already some are wondering if she can be secured for a series of special evangelistic meetings here very soon. Mrs. Galer has been on a "tour" of the Mid-West District in the interest of the General Sunday School Association. She visited the Twin Cities and Anoka, holding special conferences. We hope she will come again soon, and often.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Church News and Interests

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported 1,829

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 833. North Hatley, P. Q., 4. Dexter, Maine, 8. Total, 845.

PERSONAL

Rev. Dwight A. Ball of Kinston, N. C., now preaches regularly from fourteen to sixteen times a month upon his circuit.

Rev. Harry L. Canfield, one of our North Carolina pastors, has moved his headquarters from Kinston to Rocky Mount.

Herbert W. Horwill, for some time English correspondent of the *Leader*, is at 1831 California St., Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Rev. Harry Adams Hersey of Muncie, Ind., will deliver an address in the Universalist Church of Atlanta, Nov. 26, in memory of Dr. Keirn, the late pastor of that church.

Rev. E. V. Stevens is now living in Indianapolis. His post office address is R. R. J., Box 64, Indianapolis, Ind. He has no regular charge at present, and is available as a supply.

Rev. Robert T. Polk, D. D., of Boston, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday Sunday, Nov. 12. His sons and daughters and his sons and daughters-in-law gave him a dinner at Young's Hotel, which was a complete surprise to him.

Judge Roger S. Galer of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, president of the Universalist General Convention, writes commending the suggestion of Mr. Towne in a recent issue of the *Leader*. "Personal journalism," says Judge Galer, "if conducted on a high plane and without loss of dignity, is a sure way of increasing our number of readers."

Mrs. Theresa Homet Patterson, who has spent the summer at her place near Homet's Ferry, Penn., and who has been making visits in New England, Philadelphia and Washington, has gone to Sunburst, N. C., to visit the work of the Rev. Hannah Powell in the mountains. From there she will go to her winter home in Pasadena, Cal.

Dr. Rees Williams, one of the last survivors of the class of 1873, Canton Theological School, and Mrs. Williams are now living in Washington, D. C., to be near Congressman Clark of the 34th New York District and Mrs. Clark, their daughter. Dr. Williams once served our churches in Athens, Penn., and Morris, N. Y. He then took up dentistry and located in Wyom-

ing. At Canton he was in the class with the late Dr. Henry Forbes and his brother, and Mr. Burnell and Mr. Rounds. He considers the late President Ebenezer Fisher "one of the greatest men that ever lived."

Illinois

Marseilles.—Rev. E. M. Minor, pastor. This church until Oct. 1 had been without a pastor for some months, and through irregularity of services and consequent disorganization, activities had weakened very much. Our new minister, Rev. Edward M. Minor, took up the work Oct. 1, and with the family is now settled here. All departments are showing signs of a better life. The Sunday school is being reorganized under the leadership of Mrs. Minor. It is increasing in interest and attendance. We have a very live Y. P. C. U. The Rally Day exercises were somewhat delayed, but were held Sunday night, Nov. 5. The older people were invited to this service, and special invitations were sent to the young people's organizations of the other churches. Those of the Congregational and Methodist Episcopal churches each responded in a body. The spirit of cordial fellowship thus manifested was very much appreciated. There is a regular attendance at our morning services of about forty. Comrades' Day was observed Oct. 22. Five Comrades from Joliet came over, and took charge of the services. The orchestra of the local church, and local singers, all men with the exception of the pianist, furnished the music. It rained hard, interfering with the attendance, but the meeting was a success and it is expected that a chapter of the Comrades will be organized here soon. The Marseilles church is blessed with women's organizations, there being three of them, the Achaean and Fabian Societies and the Mission Circle. The two first are purely aid societies, the last is wholly missionary in its purpose. The Achaeans are preparing to hold a bazar the last Saturday in November. One of the first duties Mr. Minor was called upon to perform outside of the regular routine was to officiate at the funeral of Joseph Martindale, whose family is connected with the church. Oct. 1 the pastor was called to Waltonville for the funeral of John Inglet. Mr. Inglet had been a patient sufferer for several years, and for some time had realized that he could not get well. It was through his request that Mr. Minor was called from so great a distance for the funeral.

Maine

Auburn.—Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., pastor. We got a royal start on our work this fall. Special attention is being given to the Sunday school and the young people in general, as is illustrated by the work of the Pathfinders, a large Sunday school class. They recently entertained their mothers in the home of one of the members of the class. They just wanted their mothers to see what kind of work they were doing. The president, Miss Ruth Hufton, presided, the secretary, Miss Florence Adams, read the roll call. Each member answered with a text of scripture. Prayer was then offered and business transacted, after which a program of music, instrumental and vocal, was rendered, some pieces were recited, and dainty refreshments were served. The mothers were charmed and stimulated to greater activity. This same class treated the whole Sunday school to a Hallowe'en party, financing it from their own funds. It was a genuine treat. A boys' club has been organized with a paid manager, Mr. Norman Buck, a junior from Bates College. It is to be connected with the Y. M. C. A. and to have the use of the tracks, swimming pool, etc. Regular attendance at the morning services and at Sunday school will be required. Miss Lucy Cummings, a public school teacher, is to teach a large class of high school girls in the Sunday school. All of this work will be amalgamated into one large Young People's Christian Union within a month, but still retaining the educative side of the work in the Sunday school, so that the two will go hand in hand in the development of a number of trained workers for the Church. The Pathfinder class will provide one whole team of ten canvassers for the Red Cross canvass on Sunday, Nov. 12, under the leadership of Mr. Ernest Strauss, one of our devoted church men. The finances of the parish were never in better condition. as each month all bills are paid.

Augusta.—Rev. A. Francis Walch, minister. Our work goes forward successfully since the vacation. Extensive repairs are in process on the roof and spire of the church building. Owing to rotten timbers it was found necessary, in the interest of safety, to take down the spire and replace it with a tower. The roof is being covered with copper and will, when finished, be secure for many years. On Laymen's Day the services were conducted by the men and the service was a memorable one. On that day the minister entered upon the seventh year of a pleasant and profitable pastorate. In spite of many changes in recent years, the parish holds its own numerically and financially and its members take a commendable part in community service, several members serving on important boards and committees in local and state work for social betterment. Another hopeful feature is the fine work of the local Y. P. C. U. under the able direction of the president, Miss Edith L. Newman. The annual pep banquet of the State Union was held in Augusta, Nov. 3, 175 young people, representatives of the several Unions, attending. It was a most enthusiastic meeting, with songs and cheers, and many splendid addresses indicating the deep spiritual fervor of the young people. Rev. Harry F. Shook of Brunswick, the new president, presided. He is inspiring new energy and purpose in the state work. The Murray Alliance is making plans for its annual sale early in December. The Mission Circle and Sunday school are both working for interest and results. Audiences are good and a fine spirit of unity and earnestness prevails in all departments.

Livermore Falls.—This church is now without a pastor, Rev. A. A. Blair having accepted a call to Orange, Mass. During Mr. Blair's pastorate of over five years much was accomplished. The church was redecorated, new memorial windows were put in and other improvements made. The several societies are in a good condition. The Sunday school has grown, a Y. P. C. U. was organized nearly three years ago, and a Men's Forum adds to the strength of the church. The church membership has more than doubled, sixty-five being added to the roll during the last three years. On the eve of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Blair a reception was given them in the church parlors which was attended by the townspeople generally. The pastors of the other churches brought their greetings and the pastor and wife were presented with a generous purse of money by the people of Livermore Falls and North Jay. It is hoped that a pastor will soon be settled.

Massachusetts

Canton.—The annual parish business meeting was held Oct. 18, preceded by a well attended parish supper. The action of the parish committee in securing the services of Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., was unanimously approved. Officers were elected for the ensuing year and routine business disposed of. A large budget was presented and pledges secured with gratifying results. Mr. Harold G. Scott preached an eloquent sermon Oct. 24 and an appreciative audience testified to the great value of his services during the past year pending the settlement of a regular pastor. Relative to the new ministry just beginning he had the following to say: "Dr. Charles Conklin has selected a town of pleasant people in which to settle. His coming to Canton is truly an event. Officially he comes as pastor of the Canton church, but really his ministry will be to the community. His interests and labors will overflow any divisional lines and extend into all community interests. He is that kind of a man. Essentially he is a community worker. He is interested in everybody for he loves everybody. Therefore his ministry is to all to whom he can be of service, and his coming to Canton becomes a matter of more than denominational moment. Dr. Conklin early distinguished himself as a scholar, and later as an organizer. His long pastorate in Chicago was so full of accomplishments as to become a monument to him for all time. His executive ability was recognized in his call to the Superintendency of Massachusetts, in which position most of us came to know him as a wise and progressive leader."

Somerville, First.—Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., pastor. Laymen's Sunday was observed the third Sunday in October, with the entire service in charge of the men. The introductory service and prayer were by Albert Wade, superintendent of the church school. The responsive and Bible readings were conducted by O. S. Waldron. The offertory service was in charge of R. Y. Gifford, and Walter S. Howard delivered the sermon. Special music was provided by Everett L. Lovering, organist, and Mrs. Florence E. Simpson, soloist. The dignity and impressiveness of these services will be remembered by the large and appreciative congregations present.

Orange.—Rev. Arthur A. Blair begins his pastorate here under pleasing and encouraging conditions. The first Sunday of the new pastorate was observed as Rally Sunday with a splendid congregation. The various organizations of the church are preparing for the annual fair, which is to be held early in December. The Men's Club is soon to be reorganized and promises much help this winter. The Sunday school under the leadership of Mrs. Cora Bangs is doing splendid work. Altogether the outlook is encouraging.

New Hampshire

Gorham.—Rev. F. H. Billington, pastor. Mr. Billington, who has been in ill health for several months, has been much worse of late and has been confined to his house for several weeks. His physician has prescribed complete rest for the time being. The parish is standing back of Mr. Billington loyally and has granted him a vacation of a month with full pay and will take further action at the end of this time if necessary.

North Carolina

Woodington.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. This "mother church" for the section goes steadily forward. At its first meeting after Convention it voted to follow the recommendation of a budget system, and appointed the necessary committee to put the plan into operation. It is worthy of note that our retiring State Convention secretary was a Woodington product, and that when, after several years of efficient service, he declined reelection, his successor is also one of Woodington's young men who has gone out into the world. This parish is to be the host at our next State Convention. This Sunday school has paid its pledge of $5 to the purchase of the Clara Barton Home.

Kinston.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. Rally Sunday was observed with the schools at Woodington and Deep Run uniting and there has been an increased attendance of our own members since. A teacher training class has been organized with Mrs. Ball as teacher in which Deep Run members are participating. Our pastor has been invited to charter membership in the new organization of ministers, the Monday Club. We have also accepted and carried our share with others in providing canvassers for the recent drive for financing the local Salvation Army. We are also to send our proportion (10) of canvassers for the annual membership solicitation for the Red Cross Nov. 12. The Clara Barton Guild is preparing to present in the near future the life story of Clara Barton. The Guild and the Mission Circle are both making contribution to the fund for the Clara Barton home.

Deep Run.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. The Sunday school, not yet two years old, has a membership of fifty-five and steadily grows, in spite of the fact that another school has recently been organized in the community. After the preaching service Nov. 5 a committee was chosen to promote plans and means for building a church on the lot which is ready to be transferred to us. It is desirable that the structure be of substantial material, probably concrete block, and of a type to meet present day needs for a working community church. In carrying this through we shall need both the sympathy and substantial support of our friends both in and out of North Carolina.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. The principal address on Laymen's Sunday was delivered by Andrew S. Wolfe of Dartmouth, whose subject was "The Coming Crisis." He predicted a clash between the Cross and the Crescent.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

Mr. Carl Hempel of Lynn addressed the Boston Ministers' Meeting Nov. 13 on "Directing Young People's Activities." Mr. Hempel told in concrete fashion the story of his ten months experience with the Lynn Universalist church and with the Lynn School of Religious Education, of which he is assistant director. Churches wanting definite suggestions as to how to get hold of young people can not do better than to get Mr. Hempel to repeat this address. He is an effective speaker and is doing "a man's size job" as assistant to Dr. Perkins at Lynn.

The speaker Nov. 20 will be Mrs. Mabel R. Tenney of Malden. Subject, "An Ideal Musical Vesper Service."

* *

MASSACHUSETTS CHAPTER OF UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

The officers of the State Chapter of Universalist Comrades held a meeting on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 2. Reports were received from various parishes in the state and plans made to increase the number of chapters. Rev. Leroy W. Coons, new State Superintendent, was present at the meeting. The Massachusetts Chapter of Comrades is endeavoring to enlist men for service in the Church. In a recent issue of the *Congregationalist* its editor, Dr. W. E. Gilroy, made the following statement: "The one task that confronts the Church more than any other institution or agency in society is the developing and bringing into action of the latent forces and assets of human life and character." It is the supreme task of the Comrades to develop the latent forces of our men in the Universalist Church. Roosevelt said, "I advocate a man's joining in church work for the sake of showing his faith by his work." So the Comrades are witnessing for Christ all over the country. We want to add hundreds more to the roll in Massachusetts.

William R. Thomson,
President Massachusetts State Chapter.
Alvar Polk, Secretary.

* *

IN MEMORY OF JAMES HARRY HOLDEN

A memorial service for the late Rev. James Harry Holden was held in Unity Church, Amherst, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 5. Dr. Lee S. McCollester preached the sermon, and a tablet was dedicated to the memory of Mr. Holden, who was pastor of the church at Amherst from 1888 to 1895—his first pastorate.

* *

INSTALLATION SERVICES AT SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The first Universalist Church of Somerville was filled to the doors on Sunday evening, Nov. 5, for the service of public recognition and the installation of Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D. The churches of Greater Boston were well represented, in addition to the people of Somerville First, who have worked for two years without the leadership of a minister.

The introductory service was read by Eev. Elbert W. Whippen of Winter Hill, and the Scripture by Rev. Isaac Smith of West Somerville; Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary of the General Convention, offered the prayer, a d Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., chairman of the John Murray Lectureship, preached on the topic: "That the Church May be Built Up." Interesting features were the address to the people, given by the incoming Superintendent, Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., and the address to the minister by a friend of thirty-two years' standing, Rev. William H. Gould of Arlington. The welcome to Somerville was proffered by Rev. George E. Soper, D. D., of the Prospect Hill Congregational Church, and Mr. J. Frank Wellington, chairman of trustees of the local church. Mrs. Florence E. Simpson, soloist, and Mr. Everett L. Lovering, organist, were assisted by the Apollo Male Quartette.

This service, which was one of the most impressive and dignified ever held in the state, was a real tribute to the conscientious and untiring work which Dr. Leighton has done for the past eight years as Superintendent of Churches in Massachusetts. The audience of over five hundred testified to the high regard in which he is held, and the people of Somerville have pledged to him the loyalty and ser-

vice which he deserves. There is a big work to be done in Somerville, and, following the men who have been his predecessors, Dr. Leighton can and will do it. In leaving the Superintendency for the work of a local parish, he carries with him the love and good wishes of every Universalist in Massachusetts.

* *

KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR

The address of the Knights of King Arthur, the church fraternity for boys, is now Media, Penn., and Dr. William Byron Forbush, its founder, is still in charge of it.

* *

SEND FOR ONE

The entire edition of the All Souls Day number of the *Leader* was exhausted soon after publication. The editorials "Are They Lost?" and "Why Don't They Say It?" have been reprinted in pamphlet form for free distribution and may be obtained from the Publishing House upon application.

* *

FERRY BEACH REUNION

The annual Ferry Beach Reunion will be held in First Church, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 22. Dinner at 6 p. m., followed by program. Every one interested is invited to be present.

W. R. Rowland.

* *

NOVEL CHURCH ADVERTISING SCHEME

The First Universalist Church of Cambridge, Mass., which has already gained a reputation for doing the unusual, has entered a new field of church advertising which should be of interest and value to all the churches of our denomination.

The Department of Music has made arrangements to have an entire evening's concert broadcast from the American Radio Station "W. G. I." at Medford. Various units connected with the church are participating—the choir of twenty-five voices, the mandolin club of fifteen members, the male chorus and the male quartette. There will also be soprano and violin solos, and readings.

Although the music will be mostly secular, there will, however be broadcast two of the anthems which were used in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the church.

Such a scheme as this serves a three-fold purpose: It enables the choir to use its talent in the production of secular music. It gives the young people an intelligent interest and active participation in the latest science—radio. It is good church advertising. While the church could hardly accommodate an appreciable number of the 120,000 radio "fans" who, it is estimated, will "listen in" on this concert, it is, however, hoped that some of those nearby will be interested to hear more of the music in its natural setting—the church auditorium.

Perhaps some of our readers will be able to "tune in" on this concert, which is to be given on Saturday, Nov. 18, 8 to 9.30.

* *

Notices

COMMUNION SET OFFERED

The beautiful country church located at Wauponsee, Ill., was totally destroyed by lightning a number of years ago.

A fine communion service, presented by the Universalist Women's Association of Illinois to the new church built under the pastorate of the writer, was saved from loss. The set, beautifully engraved and consisting of tankard, two cups, and two salvers, is offered to a worthy and earnest church, preferably in Illinois. All communications and recommendations may be addressed to the former pastor,

Rev. Mrs. E. L. Newport,
109 W. Chapin St., Morris, Ill.

* *

LEADERS WANTED

Copies of the *Leader* for Nov. 4 are wanted at the Publishing House, 176 Newbury St.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. A. A. Blair transferred from Livermore Falls to Orange, Mass. Rev. A. J. Torsleff transferred to Rutland, Vt. Rev. Grant Van Blarcom transferred to Jacksonville, Vt.

Alfred S. Cole.

* *

PROVIDENCE 1923 CONVENTION

The Board of Trustees, through its chairman, has appointed the following as a general Committee of Arrangements for the next session of the Convention to be held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24-28, 1923: President Roger S. Galer, Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., and Secretary Roger F. Etz, with representatives from Providence to be added.

Suggestions to be considered by the Committee will be welcomed. Send correspondence to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *

KANSAS STATE CONVENTION

The State Convention of Kansas Universalists will be held in the city of Hutchinson Dec. 1-3. Dr. Fisher of Chicago, Rev. Fred Line of Tulsa, Okla., Rev. James Houghton and President Tilden of Lombard College are among the principal speakers. All communications should be sent to Rev. James Houghton, Hutchinson, Kansas, or Seward Baker, Secretary.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS CHAPTER OF COMRADES

The Massachusetts State Chapter of Comrades desires to offer its services to the men of any of our churches who are contemplating the formation of a local chapter. Our officers will be glad to explain our method of organization, our aims and program. We want to place an active Comrades' organization in every church in the state.

William R. Thomson, President.

* *

SENDING MONEY TO JAPAN

The General Convention is always glad [illegible] a money to any of our workers in Japan from [illegible] or organizations. Those who desire to send money direct to Japan will find that the simplest and easies way to send small amounts is by Postal Money Order. These may be obtained at most money order post offices throughout the country for either dollars or yen. This is a more convenient form for small sums than a bank draft, as it may be cashed more easily in Japan by the recipient.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

Married

Briggs-Fassett.—In Concord, Vt., Nov. 4, by Rev. C. F. McIntire, Garold Briggs and Bertha Fassett, both of Lunenburg.

Fisher-Covey.—In Concord, Vt., Nov. 4, by Rev. C. F. McIntire, Roy Merle Fisher of St. Johnsbury and Blanche Madeline Covey of Lunenburg.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Flavilla Theobald

Monday afternoon, Oct. 23, friends gathered at the cemetery in Richmond, Maine, to pay their respects to Mrs. Flavilla Theobald, who was brought here for burial.

Mrs. Theobald was the widow of Capt. Alfred Theobald. For many years they were residents of this village, till a few years ago they went to live with their daughter in Somerville, Mass. A brief service was held in the cemetery, conducted by her former pastor, Rev. E. W. Webber. A daughter, Mrs. Nellie Mitchell of Somerville, three brothers and one sister, Mrs. Laura Randlette of Richmond, are left to mourn her passing. Mrs. Theobald was beloved by all who knew her, and her memory is held very precious by the friends in Richmond.

E. W. W.

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The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited. The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address.

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Crackling

A telephone pole never hits an automobile except in self-defense.—*Toledo Blade.*

* *

English Professor: "Jones, why are you not prepared?"

Jones: "I was prepared: you said, 'Read Twelfth Night or What You Will,' so I read 'The Beautiful and Damned.' "—*Princton Tiger.*

* *

Marjorie and Eddie had both been told that they must write letters of thanks for the outside Christmas gifts they had received. Marjorie sat down and quickly wrote: "Thank you so much for the fountain pen. It's what I've always needed."

Meanwhile Eddie was chewing the end of his penholder for inspiration. As his sister laid aside her first letter, he surreptitiously glanced at it. Then he wrote: "Thank you so much for the handkerchiefs. They're what I've always needed."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

* *

Student: "Beg pardon, sir, but what is this that you have written on my theme?"

Professor: "I told you to write more legibly."—*Iowa Frivol.*

* *

Former Postmaster-General Hays, as every one knows, is an advocate of the air mail. "Of course, it gets criticized," he said, "and criticism is a good thing, but it can be run into the ground. I am reminded of the vaudeville producer who muttered as he read the press notices of his program, 'These critics are thorough, all right. They don't leave a turn unstoned.'—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

* *

The old-fashioned pioneer women who crossed the Rocky Mountains in skirts now have granddaughters who think they must put on pants to climb a hill.—*Dallas News.*

* *

"Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"

"I got two orders in one place."

"That's the stuff! What were they?"

"One was to get out, and the other was to stay out."—*Boston Post.*

* *

The year's prize for inspired typesetting is awarded without debate to the person responsible for the following in a New York daily: "The government is interesting itself in a powerless plan said to be capable of remaining in the air indefinitely."—*Detroit News.*

* *

The real optimist is the householder who buys ashbarrels.—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

Chairman, addressing a meeting: "I am sure we will be very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Near East Emergency Fund

Eight National Organizations

The Young Men's Christian Association,

The Young Woman's Christian Association,

The Knights of Columbus,

The Jewish Joint Distribution Committee,

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ,

The Near East Relief,

The American Relief Administration, and

The American Red Cross, and

The Literary Digest,

ask help for the victims of Smyrna, the refugees at Saloniki, on the island of Mitylene, and in other refugee centers in that region.

Helpless babies and able-bodied parents alike will die if Christian America does not help.

The Committee of the Universalist General Convention "appointed to co-operate with the Near East Relief, the American Red Cross, the American Relief Administration and other great national philanthropies," calls upon Christians of our fellowship to back up this appeal.

"Draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted."

All checks, money orders, etc., should be made out to "Near East Emergency Fund," and may be mailed to either of the following treasurers:

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151 Fifth Ave., New York	**Washington, D. C.**

Universalists are requested to mail contributions to Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Signed for the Universalist General Convention.

George E. Huntley,
Joseph Fort Newton,
John van Schaick, Jr.